

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

WEEKLY PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. I. No. 15.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

NEW YORK, JUNE 25, 1870.

TERMS: \$2.50 per Annum, in advance.
\$1.25 for Six Months.

Price 5 Cents.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY ERNEST ST. JOHN.

A kiss from her lips: from her hand a touch,
I long, the good God knows how much!

For a word from her tongue, a glance from her eye,
(The last was bound in a troubled sigh).

For a touch on her face with my outstretched hand
Sweet, sweet, dead face! how my senses stand!

For I long for a smile from her blinded eyes,
With their sad reproof or their glad surprise:

Oh, pines all my soul for a kiss on her cheek,
For a word of love that her lips won't speak.

For a kiss whose unity naught might sever—
For a word soft-spoken—"forever and ever!"

The Masked Miner:

OR,

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE NIGHT WALK.

ONE! two! three! four! five! six! seven! came in mellow but half-muffled notes from a distant clock tower, down in the city.

The two men, crouched in the thick gloom under the black shadow of the old house, on the most unfrequented quarter of Boyd's Hill, started as they heard the separate strokes coming up so distinctly on the thick, wet air of the evening.

"Ha! seven o'clock, Teddy, and it's time we were off!" said one of the men. "The boss is punctual, you know, and we mustn't disappoint him. S'pose we go?"

"All right, and we had better be in a hurry. Step out, Launce, and look around; we must see if the coast is clear. We mustn't call attention to our old rat-trap, here," pointing to the dilapidated frame-house that reared itself spectrally in the fast-settling darkness.

The man called Launce strode away cautiously in the gloom, and reaching a small knoll, the very eminence of the lofty hill, peered around him in every direction.

He saw nothing. Not a living soul was stirring on the desolate heights, save themselves, on that dismal evening.

With a low, satisfied chuckle, he hastily returned to his companion, who still stood under the shadow of the old house.

"Nobody is watching to-night, Teddy, that's certain, and why? Because no one need be out to-night, except such poor devils as you and me!"

The man, rough, grimy and coarse as he was, spoke bitterly—it may be feelingly. For a moment his companion was silent, but then, looking up suddenly, he said:

"Yes, yes, you're right, Launce; we are the only ones who need be out. God knows! and yet I sometimes wonder—if indeed there is a God—that He would look on and see poor man suffer. Well, well; we seldom see daylight, and when we do, even then the sun isn't our own." There was a pause again.

"Well, Teddy, it don't matter; so let it be. Everybody has his or her place, and we have ours! But, did you forget, Mr. Teddy? There are others out this nasty night, if there's any truth in man's word. The boss, you know, and his business! Our part in that business, too, eh, Teddy?"

"Yes, I haven't forgot it, depend upon it, for there's money in the work, and money buys bread, and—well, you know it—bread feeds children, and we must do it! Bad luck to the day that put us in his power!" and the man smote his clenched hands together.

"And, Teddy, even then, on that day, we were working for our children; why did he not send us to jail, and be done with it?"

"He uses us better, Launce! As we are in the mud, let us wade it through, through, I tell you! A day of reckoning may yet come!"

"God grant it!"

At that moment a single sounding stroke from the distant clock-bell smote softly, yet distinctly on their ears.

"Come, Teddy; we forget ourselves; that's a quarter past seven, and we must be gone, it will be too late. See how dark it is now, and it's more than a step from here to Mount Washington road."

"We'll go," replied his companion, buttoning his coat tightly around his throat; "but I'll tell you, Launce Ringwood, this job is the dirtiest of all, and I don't like it, that's all!"

Quietly, and with catlike steps, despite the solitude of the locality, the men emerged from the shadow of the old house into the heavy gloom of the surrounding darkness. Without hesitating they entered a small path leading directly along the edge of the dizzy cliff, which hung directly over the darkly flowing Monongahela. They threw not their gaze over the intervening river to the suburbs of Birmingham, whose thousands of throats of licking flame and fire shone weirdly on the night; but, with heads bent down, they pursued their way swiftly, and as if thoroughly acquainted with every inch of the ground along the narrow path skirting the frightful ledge. For ten minutes they walked thus, then paused for a moment, and looked around them.

"Can't you trust your feet to the steps, down the hill, Teddy?" asked the one called Launce.

"I had rather not to-night. 'Tis a bad



THERE, IN DEATHLY ARRAY, LAY A BEECHED SKELETON!

place in the daytime, and though it saves the matter of a mile, yet, that's a nasty fall of two hundred feet, Launce, and the steps are slippery."

"My notion, too. We'll go down through the town; 'tis safe and no risk. Come."

The speaker, followed closely by his tall, sturdy companion, turned off at right-angles as he spoke, and, crossing the summit of the hill, struck into Stephenson street—at all times lonesome and uninviting, but now doubly dismal, soundless and dreary.

The men had not noticed a figure that had hung on their steps from the moment they had left the old house. That figure, keeping back a convenient distance, had strolled but swiftly followed along the dizzy path; and, when they paused to consult about descending the "steps," the "shadow" had paused, too. And, as before, when they stepped over the hill, he was again quickly on their track.

"Strange, strange!" this spy muttered. "Did chance bring me, in my wretchedness, to the solitude of this spot for any good purpose? Nay, can I be instrumental in doing any thing good under any circumstances? Has not heaven shut out its light from me, so that not a ray of hope can shine through the ominous clouds that envelope me? We'll see; we'll see! Those voices are strangely familiar to me! Is there some villainy afloat? I'll follow them, come what may. Hew! how chilly the noxious wet wind! that searches through you!" He drew his coarse coat up around his ears, and grasping more firmly his stout cane, he likewise entered Stephenson street, and trod cautiously on behind the two night-walkers.

The men in advance took their way down the deserted street, their pace increasing merrily, as if they desired to make up for lost time. At length they turned from that street into Bedford avenue, and continued on down, toward the heart of the city. Five minutes afterward, and they appeared in the civilized portion of the city—on Fifth avenue, on which thoroughfare, despite the now unpropitious evening, were many persons, shivering along in the smoky gloom. The light from the shop windows shone merrily, and a kind of unearthly, spectral glamour hung over the half-lit street. The lamps were only burning on one side of the avenue, and this side was speedily shunned by the two rough-looking men. They seemed to court the shade, as they hurried forward, looking neither to the right nor left. At length they turned abruptly into Smithfield street, and in this thoroughfare, as in the last, they took the shady side. The solitary walker, who hung behind them, did the same.

Then came in sight the two lamps standing at the entrance of the bridge over the darkly flowing Monongahela. The lights were flaring wildly about in the raw wind that swept along the open level. The men paused, and glanced up and down the dark length of Water street. They were now compelled to go beneath a light, so they boldly strode by, deposited their toll, and passed on.

They were under the light, but a moment, but that moment was sufficient to reveal them as two tall, brawny, rough-looking, sooty and begrimed men, wearing the under-ground dress of miners.

Another moment, and he who followed them stood under the flashing lamplight, settling his toll, and he, too, was clad in the rough garb of a miner. Receiving his pennies in change, he strode along after the others over the bridge.

"Why, papa—why, nothing much," stammered Grace, reddening. "Nothing much, eh? and yet there is something," said the father, kindly, but positively.

"Well, papa, if you must have it, Mr. Somerville is here again, and on such a dreadful day!"

"Mr. Somerville? He certainly won't hurt you, Grace; he is an excellent young man—worthy of any maiden's regard. And, as for the day, why it has cleared off beautifully, and, for a rarity, we have the sun, again. See I!" and the father pointed through the curtains at the broad, rich flash of sunlight, which just then entered the room and covered the rich, velvet carpet with its golden glimmer.

"Yes, papa, all true," said Grace, half-dreamily, "but, I can't bear Mr. Somerville. I think he is hateful!"

"Grace, Grace, you speak wildly," answered the father, sternly. "Mr. Somerville is the son of my best friend, now deceased; he is a well-educated young man, and, in a word, I like him; he is already rich, and—"

"I am certainly obliged for your kindness,

Mr. Somerville, but I think the weather too unpropitious."

"Not at all so, Miss Grace," interrupted the young man, rather rudely, and very earnestly, as an anxious shade flitted over his face. "The weather has cleared, and—"

"Of course it has, Mr. Somerville," in turn interrupted Mr. Harley, rather authoritatively: "and Grace will go with you, and I thank you for your kindness, too. Of course you will go, Grace."

As he spoke, he cast a quick, half-angry look at his daughter. The maiden understood that look.

Rising, with a half-audible murmur, which sounded, indeed, more like a sigh than any thing else, the young girl swept out of the room.

And then the gentlemen returned to their conversation.

In a few minutes, covered with ample wrappings, Grace Harley, looking rosy and beautiful, yet somewhat sad, withdrawn, entered the parlor. No time was lost. They were soon out at the light wagon; the girl was placed tenderly in, packed closely around with a heavy rich robe, and then, taking the reins, the gentleman spoke low to the restive steeds, and away they dashed.

The sun-ribs in the clouds soon closed, however, and ere they had been gone five minutes the smoky canopy, apparently denser than ever settled over the city. But Somerville did not turn back. In ten minutes he had crossed the Suspension Bridge and was rattling on up Fifth avenue toward the Smithfield street bridge. Over this they soon passed, and had commenced the ascent of the Mount Washington road.

CHAPTER III.

A DARK SECRET ON THE HILL.

ONE dark night, just a week previous to the evening first mentioned in our story, a tall, thickly-wrapped figure appeared above the steps leading from the cluster of grimy houses below, on the banks of the Monongahela, and for a moment stood panting on the broad plateau of Boyd's Hill. The place was deserted, for the hour was late—certainly not far from midnight. With but a moment's pause, and a cautious glance around, he turned away, and took the narrow path running by the very brink of the cliff. He continued along this path for a couple of hundred yards; then, striking across the summit of the hill, continued on, until he stood under the shadow of a rickety old frame house—the same to the outside of which the reader has been introduced. All was silent as a churchyard.

The man, after peering around him, stepped softly to the closed door, and looked through the crevices.

No ray of light came out into the darkness.

Then he placed his ear to the solid panel and listened for a moment. No sound came forth. He rapped a peculiar rap, on the solid door, but the dull, heavy echo within sounded supernaturally loud—alone came back.

"All's well—all's well!" he muttered.

"They know me well, and they'll come on the minute. What! so late?" as a far-off clock sounded on the night air. "Well, well, they must be near now, and I'll hurry in and look at that keepsake—my 'Dead Secret'!" which, like a fool I have yet buried from sight, I'll look at it! It nerves me to my work, begun with it!" It and my friend here—drawing a brandy-flask from his side coat-pocket, "will nerve me up to what yet is to be done!" and so saying he drank a deep, full draught. And then he thrust back the flask. For a moment he stood under the fiery potion, and then again he stood erect.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, low yet fearlessly to himself, "that is the priceless potion—the elixir of strength—of high courage—nay, of life itself! Now, I am strong, and now I'll enter."

Using the key drawn from his overcoat pocket he flung back the bolt and entered the house. All was darkness and gloom within; but suddenly, a light burst forth, as if by magic, and in a moment the room was aglow with almost supernatural brilliancy. The light came from a massive chandelier, glittering with pendants, and heavy with cut-glass globes, hanging from the center of the ceiling. It was evident that the many lights had been burning low, and that the man had suddenly turned them on.

A singular scene of richness and beauty was revealed.

The room of this dilapidated, rickety old house—as it appeared to be from the outside—was fitted up with all the splendor of an aristocratic parlor. Sofas of richest velvet, chairs of rare value—inlaid tables of cunning workmanship, fairly crowded the limited space of the apartment. A heavy carpet of costliest manufacture covered the floor, and paintings, in richly gilded, massive frames, hung upon the velvet-papered walls.

The man, half-reeling, glanced above him and then staggered back and sunk on one of the sumptuous seats.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, "this is my cabin all mine—and, ye gods! the joyous hours that have been mine here, and—but, I forgot!" he exclaimed, as he quickly arose, and reeling across the room, suddenly rolled down a heavy curtain before the door, thus cutting off all possibility of a tell-tale ray of light penetrating beyond. There was no window, whatever, to the room!

"It's best to be cautious," he said; "it would not do for curiosity-seekers to be drawn here by a straggling light. It's all right, now."

He retired to his seat, and, for a moment, bowed his head between his hands.

The brilliant light from the chandelier

shone on an unusually tall and spare man, whose person was wrapped in a heavy overcoat, reaching almost to his feet; his face was almost wholly concealed by a mass of long, black, curling whiskers. Over his brow was drawn a broad-brimmed slouched hat. His appearance and his attire certainly were not in keeping with the almost marvelous richness of the chamber; and yet, he had called this place his "cabin."

At length he raised his head; it was reeling to and fro.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I took too much of that draught—and I am not steady enough. But, it will do, and I can drive it away. Ah! my old friends! you that have passed hours of mad revelry with me, in this noble old chamber—where are you now? Some are walking as of old, the broad avenues of sin—*Sin?* Nonsense! There is no such thing as sin as long as money lasts! No, no! The world is a cesspool of sin; it is above, around, beneath us. It is everywhere and will ever be. But my good friends: some are enjoying themselves—yes, that's better. Others have grown straight-faced, and gone back on themselves, the fools! and others are in the churchyard, under the wet grass and the damp, heavy clay! ugh!"

For several moments he sat still, changing not his position, nor saying a word. The wind still sighed and sung dolefully around the old house, and the drear November air crept through the crevices of the door, and swayed the heavy curtain hanging there, gently to and fro. The man drew his thick coat more closely around him, and shivered as he felt the searching breeze creeping through, and as he noticed the almost supernatural lifting of the curtain, by the door.

"Cold—cold! and yet not so cold as some who are under the wet grass to-night! No, no! but nonsense! Away with such feelings! I must think of other matters.

"What a good thing for me that I saw that little affair that raw evening, away down deep in the mine—nothing though it was, in itself, yet enough to send my good friends to jail—my noble workmen! Ha, ha! poor fools! and they are mine, to the death. They must do this work for me. I've sworn I would triumph, and triumph I shall! She shall be mine, by some or other means. Ye gods! what mad dreams of love! Love? yes, and *love of gold* too, have floated over my brain, waking and sleeping, as I have thought of her. And she, so cold, so impious, so repelling, yet so lovely, so entrancing!

"Does she love that low-born adventurer yet? It must be. And strange fancies I am impressed with. I have lately seen a face familiar, wondrously similar to his!

"That for her love for him. All I wish is her hand and *her gold*, and this move must bring it. The fellows are late," he exclaimed, glancing at a richly-mounted clock on the mantel-piece, the hands of which pointed to one o'clock; and yet, they have never failed me, and they can not fail me now. They dare not! Have I committed myself to them? Am I the least in their power? No! And if I am, money could buy me clear. I am safe!

"Now I will look at my guest—my skeleton in the closet—ha, ha! to remind me of him who came between me and the girl I loved—loved!"

He staggered to his feet, and half lowered the light. Then he paused, and approaching the door, listened intently. But, as before, no sound was heard save the moan of the wind over the bleak hill.

The man stepped back at once, and going to the further wall of the house, reached up and struck on a particular spot, a sharp blow. There was no response. He struck again, and yet there was no response.

"Confound it," he muttered, as he drew a chair close to the wall. Springing upon it he put both hands on the wall and pressed.

Instantly a heavy section of it slowly started, and commenced to descend, the motion being accompanied by a sad kind of a creaking, as of rusted pulleys and chains.

The man stepped back and drew away the chair, and folding his arms closely and determinedly across his chest, gazed at the descending wall. Slowly it sunk, until a long black box appeared in view, and in it, in deadly array, lay a bleached skeleton!

At that moment a low, cautious whistle sounded without. Placing his hands again on the sinking section of the wall, by one determined effort, the man raised it to its place, where it fitted so nicely, that no eye could detect it.

Drawing a pistol, and placing it in convenient reach, he approached near the door, answered the whistle, and then drew back the bolt. Instantly the door was opened, and two large men entered. Then the door closed again.

It was nearly day when three persons left the house and bent their way toward the city. And then, from the gloom, not fifty yards away, another figure slowly raised itself and followed on leisurely toward the inhabited portion of the sleeping town.

(To be continued.)

CAPITAL THINGS!

The reader will exclaim in perusing the Camp-Fire Yarns of Captain Mayne Reid. That is just it. They are capital good stories of their kind, full of the very *aroma* of the forest and prairies, and redolent of the life and scenes of the trappers and trapper. We have now in hand several splendid yarns, in which the Captain quite excels himself in daubing out the odd, whimsical and yet intrinsically noble characters of the true bordermen.

WATCHING THE WAVE.

Three summers of waiting, and yet no word
From the ship we watched, with a wind so gay,
Spied like some beauteous low-flying bird,
Oceanward over the glistening bay.
Of all the watchful ones, tearful and pale,
A sorrow like Mabel's no heart had borne,
Though wives and mothers, that farwell morn,
Had turned with sobs from the lessening sail.

And now when the bitter fear began,
She was hopeless, they said—had her love forgot;
For the dimming embers of hope to fan
Tame till the last would falter not.
They called her cold; she was only brave.
When nights were fiercest none knew, but I,
How her sleep would echo, with moaning cry.
The long dull boom of the winter wave.

And many an evening, while gusts rung shrill
From pine to pine of the shoreland steeps,
And over the dark bare emerald of the hill
Ran the stars with glow to the darkening deeps,
I saw from my window her wan face gleam
Above where the tumbling surges broke,
And made out of fancy the prayer she spoke—
Heard not, yet heard, in my piping dream!

Five winters of waiting, and yet had come
No message; and all were hopeless grown;
Some were patient in sorrow, and some
Questioned God's mercy with scoffing tone;
But Mabel—they call her cold no more—
Months ere the tidings were brought at last,
Had learned wild truths of the ocean-blast,
That swept her grave on the chill, bleak shore!

The Ace of Spades:
OR,
IOLA, THE STREET SWEEPER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XX.

A NEW ALLY FOR THE "MARQUIS."

THE "Marquis" hastened at once to his room on Broadway; there he found Jim, and astonished that worthy by giving him a full account of the abduction of the girl that had been rescued from misery.

When he had finished his story, Jim uttered but two words:

"English Bill!"

Catterton was struck by the coincidence. Both he and Jim, without consultation, had picked out the same man as being at the bottom of the girl's abduction.

"Just what I think, Jim!" cried the "Marquis." "By some means this ruffian has learned of Iola's retreat, and laid this scheme to get her into his hands again. It has succeeded only too well. But, let this ruffian beware, for I'll follow her, even though the path leads to certain death!"

Jim had never seen his friend—who was usually so quiet—so agitated as now.

"Suppose this brute—for he is a brute, you know—should 'al' kill the girl for running away from 'im when he gets 'em into 'is 'ands?" asked Jim.

"If he does, it will be the wors' day's work that he has ever done in all his life!" exclaimed Catterton, and the angry glitter of his eye told that his blood was fully up.

"I suppose it will be no use to apply to the police?" observed Jim.

"No; this brute is her father, and he would plead that as a right to do as he pleased with the girl, even though his treatment was crushing the life out of her inch by inch."

"Vya, 'Marquis,' I never saw you so excited before!" exclaimed Jim, in astonishment.

"Jim, I'm at a white heat with passion. I love this girl—that is, I love her like a sister! With the exception of one other, it's the only love of my life. And when I think of her being in the power of this blackguard—this brute in the image of a man—it makes the blood boil in my veins. When I think that she will be utterly at his mercy, that that little form may quiver under his blows without any one being near to save her from him, it makes me wild with passion, and, Jim, I don't get wild very often."

"That's so," said the Englishman; "but what are we to do? I'm with you, you know, tooth and nail!"

"Why, in the first place visit that den in Water street where we went the other night!"

"Yes, but we'll get our blasted 'ead smashed, you know," interrupted Jim.

"We must disguise ourselves. I'd risk it for her sake, if it were a trip to the infernal regions!" cried the "Marquis."

"Well, it's about as near as we can get to them on earth, you know," returned Jim.

"We'll get a couple of wigs, and I'll shave myself clean, and with our old clothes and a slouch hat pulled down over our eyes, I think we can go all through Water street without our disguise being discovered."

"All right, my nooble dook! As you say here in Hamerica, 'you can count me in!'" cried the Englishman.

"We'll go to the dance-house first, where we were the other night, though I hardly believe that Bill will take her there. But I have an idea that if we run across that newsboy—the one that turned off the gas so cleverly the other night—that we can probably hire him to search for Iola. He will not be suspected, and can penetrate into places that would baffle our efforts or the efforts of any member of the detective police."

"I say, 'Marquis,' you've got a 'ead on your shoulders, you 'ave!" cried Jim, in admiration.

"It will pass in a crowd, Jim," responded the young man.

Then the two prepared for the nocturnal adventure.

At a costumer's, a few blocks from his room, Catterton procured a couple of wigs—nice brown curly ones. Then returning

to the room, the two dressed themselves in the same old suits that they had worn on the night when they made their first visit to the notorious dance-house.

Then Catterton shaved off his mustache and imperial, Jim darkened his eyebrows, and putting on the wigs their disguise was perfect.

"Vy, we look just like a couple of London 'cracksmen' (burglars) hout of work!" Jim exclaimed, after he and the "Marquis" had completed their toilet.

"I think we'll pass muster even in Water street," replied the "Marquis."

"Vy, our own mothers wouldn't know us!"

"It is the eyes of hate that we are to deceive, not those of love," observed the "Marquis."

"Vell, it's a toss-up which is the sharpest, you know," said the Londoner.

"It won't take us long to find out whether the girl is in the house in the rear of the saloon or not. We are already familiar with the way, and if any one interferes with me in my search, I shan't hesitate to use my revolver."

"Neither shall I," returned Jim, coolly. "I admire you Hamericans for one think—whenver you gets into a rumpuss you're halway very quick on the trigger."

"The first blow is a great advantage in any kind of a contest, Jim," said the "Marquis."

"Has you Hamericans say, your 'ead is level."

"Come, let's travel."

And so, with their lives in their hands, as it were, the "Marquis" and Jim started for the Water street dance-house.

The two arrived in front of the dance-house without incident worthy of mention occurring on their passage thither.

In front of the dance-house they found the newsboy, Shorty, that being the usual resort of that enterprising young gentleman after he had finished selling his papers.

"See here, my young friend," said the "Marquis," beckoning the boy away from the circle of light thrown out by the illuminated windows of the saloon, "I want to have a talk with you."

"Look here!" responded this brilliant specimen of the "street Arabs" of New York, "I charges a quarter for to look at me, I does; so shell out!" The newsboy imagined that the two were countrymen seeing the sights, and of course were "flats"—the term applied by the sharpers of the great city to all of the genus countryman.

"How would you like to make a dollar?" asked the "Marquis."

Shorty looked at the roughly-dressed stranger in amazement.

"Say! You don't want to fool 'round me, tell yer!"

Shorty was indignant; he did not relish being joked with, and the idea of earning a dollar was entirely too large for him to swallow.

"My respected young friend, I haven't the least idea of fooling with you," said Catterton, quietly. "I'm going to offer you a chance to make a dollar, and with very little trouble!"

"Is that so, sport?" asked the boy, eagerly, yet still with considerable doubt in his mind.

"Yes."

"Honest Injin?"

"Yes, honest Injin!" replied the "Marquis."

"Jest you tell me how?"

"I will. Do you remember me and my friend here?"

The boy took a good look at the two, and though he was blessed with an extremely good memory, yet, owing to the excellent disguises worn by the "Marquis" and his companion, he did not recognize them.

"I never seed you afore," he said.

"Oh, yes, you have. Do you remember turning off the gas in this dance-house here about four nights ago?"

"Who said I turned off the gas?" cried Shorty, beginning to be alarmed, and all ready to take to his heels at the first sign of danger, for he began to have a suspicion that the two strangers might be some friends of English Bill, and the newsboy knew very well that if that worthy or any of his gang had found out that it was he who turned off the gas, and thus secured the escape of the two men that they marked as their prey, it would go hard with him.

The "Marquis" perceived the alarm of the boy.

"Do not fear," he said. "We are friends, and mean you no harm. We are the two men that English Bill and the newsboy attacked in the saloon and whom you assisted to save."

"Why, you don't say so!" cried Shorty, in wonder. "Say, are you detectives?"

"However much the "street Arabs" may despise and hate the regular police force, yet that hatred does not extend to the detectives, whom they regard as heroes. Seeing the two strangers evidently disguised, the newsboy instantly thought that they must be detectives."

"Well, not exactly," replied Catterton, "although at present we are doing a little in that line."

"And you want me for to help you?" asked Shorty, eagerly jumping to conclusions.

"Yes; we need your assistance in a certain matter, and are willing to pay you liberally for it."

"Jest you spit it out!" cried Shorty, delighted at the chance to distinguish him-

self, and proud of the confidence reposed in him.

"You know the girl we came to see the other night?"

"Io!" quickly exclaimed the boy.

"Yes."

"Well, she ain't here, not no more!"

"Yes, I know that. I am in search of her. Do you know where she is?"

"In course I does, you bet!" cried Shorty, in triumph.

"You do?" and the deep, eager tone of the "Marquis" showed how strong was his desire to find the girl that had been stolen from him.

"Bet your stamps on it!" Shorty was partial to slang phrases.

"Where is she?" eagerly inquired Catterton, full of joy at the thought of succeeding so easily in his quest.

"Why, in a red brick house in Grand street near Broadway!" replied the boy, confidently.

The doctor wondered at the speech. He fancied that the patient was again wandering in his mind.

"In whose house am I?" demanded the sick man, suddenly.

"In the house of Mr. Tremaine," answered the doctor.

"Tremaine? Tremaine?" murmured the sick man, as if in doubt.

"Yes; is it possible that you do not remember?"

"No, no, I do remember," replied the secretary, "but it seems so terrible that I can not bring myself to think that it is reality."

"What do you mean?" The doctor was puzzled by the strange words.

"I can not tell you," replied the secretary, "but answer me one question: is this house No. \$10 Fifth avenue?"

"Yes, of course," said the doctor, amazed at the question. "Why, you must know what the number is

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he himself could not have guessed that his words would affect me. Go on with my history."

"You were restored to reason, but your memory was impaired. You could not remember any thing appertaining to your past life. You were taken by Doctor Brown into his office. You remained with him ten years; then he retired from practice, and you entered the service of Mr. Tremaine here. That was only a few days ago."

"Tis as I thought!" exclaimed the secretary; "my dream is all a reality. Then I am in his house—in the house of the man that—" and then the secretary caught the doctor's wondering eyes fixed upon him, and he broke off abruptly in his speech.

"Do not mind my disjointed utterances," he said; "I fear that the fever has not got out of my head yet."

The doctor felt his pulse.

"Why, man, your pulse doesn't show a sign of fever; it is beating as regular as an infant's."

"I shall be well to-morrow, probably."

"Yes, except that you will be a little weak. But, by the way, will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"Yes," said the secretary.

"How old a man are you?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Only to satisfy myself," replied the doctor. "I never saw a man of your age in the splendid state, physically, that you are in. You have an arm and leg that would do honor to a prize-fighter."

"How old do you suppose I am, doctor?"

"Well, judging by your face, I should say you were between sixty and seventy, and possibly over seventy," the physician replied.

"I am just forty-six years of age," said the secretary.

The doctor stared in astonishment.

"Only forty-six!" he exclaimed.

"That is my exact age."

"Why, I can't understand it!" exclaimed Dornton, thoroughly astonished. "What has made you look so old?"

"You have possibly read, doctor, of men's hair being turned from black to white by a sudden shock—by a terror lasting only a few hours, or perhaps only a few minutes?"

"Yes," replied Dornton; "I have read of such cases."

"Can you wonder, then, that, with a fractured skull and six years of madness, my hair is white? To say nothing, mind you, of ten years of life that was but living death. Ten years passed in a waking dream, without even the slightest remembrance of who or what I formerly was."

"No, no, I do not wonder at it!" hastily replied the doctor; "your suffering has indeed been terrible. Then your name is not Whitehead?"

"No, of course not. I was brought to the asylum a crazed stranger. No one knew my name—I could not give it, for reason was a blank. On account of my white head, the keepers, tired of calling me No. 80, gave me my present name. Doctor Brown added James to it, and so I have lived on in the world as James Whitehead."

"And what is your name?" asked Dornton, with natural curiosity.

"I can not tell it to you in this house!" cried the white-haired man, strangely affected. "Were I to pronounce my name here, the very walls would shrink from me in terror!"

The doctor, at this strange speech, was more thoroughly bewildered than he had been at any other time during this strange interview.

"You are speaking in riddles!" he cried.

"Doctor, for sixteen years I have been dead to the world. But now I return to it, and in my heart rages the same wish, that filled it on the night when I was struck from life, sixteen years ago."

"And that wish?" asked the amazed doctor.

"Is for vengeance on the man that has wronged me!"

Dornton gazed at the speaker in astonishment, not unmixed with terror.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

For a few moments there was silence in the room of the secretary.

The doctor was pondering deeply over the strange speech of the white-haired man. But for the clearness and energy of the speech, the physician would have thought that the man was raving. But there was no room for doubt; the secretary was evidently in full possession of all his faculties.

The case, too, as this strange being had put it, was not unnatural. He passed from life—for, as he had truly said, for sixteen years his existence had been a blank, as far as it was connected with his life before—with a strong wish, a passion swaying his whole nature—so to speak—in his heart. He returned to life with that wish, that passion, the ruling one now, as it had been sixteen years before. The theory was extremely probable, and Doctor Dornton recognized its probability.

"I suppose I shall be infringing upon your secret if I inquire, who this man is?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," answered the secretary.

"Well, then, I won't inquire," said Dornton, philosophically.

"I will not breathe my secret to mortal, not even to my foe. For sixteen years he

has pursued his way through the world without being called to account for his crime. He has enjoyed all the pleasures of life. He, the guilty one; while I, his victim, driven crazy by his crime—for that was the real cause, my accident but the effect of that cause—have been lingering in the darkness of a disordered brain. But there is justice in this world, after all, and that justice, by an accident, has restored my reason to me; has placed me on the track of this man whom I will hunt down to his death!"

The doctor, despite his firm nerves, used as he was to scenes of death, and like horrors, shuddered at the fierce tone and glaring eyes of this human bloodhound, who had waked from his sleep of years with one thought, one wish in his heart, and that wish in its fulfillment involved the shedding of human blood.

"How has this man wronged you?" asked the doctor, thinking that the wrong must be bitter indeed that had caused such a terrible thirst for vengeance.

"Robbed me of all that made life dear!" cried the secretary, with fearful emphasis. "Came like a thief when I was absent, and stole my jewel from me. Robbed me of the heart that should have been wholly mine."

The doctor, shrewd, sagacious man of the world, guessed the truth instantly.

"Ah!" he muttered to himself, "there's a woman in the case, I thought so. Women are always at the bottom of all devilry in this world, and have been so from the days of Adam and downward. As Bulwer says, 'Woman should have no sins of her own to answer for; she is the cause of such a list of follies in man, that it would require the tears of all the angels to blot the record out!'

I suppose it is needless to remark that the doctor was a bachelier.

"I must warn you, my friend, against giving way to these fits of passion in your present weak state, else you will probably have a relapse."

Dornton, able physician as he was, had not guessed that his patient's malady had affected the head alone, and that physically he was as well as ever.

"Do not fear, doctor," the secretary replied; "to-morrow I shall be a well man."

"Well, I hope to see you so," said the doctor, rising to depart.

"Good-by, doctor," said the secretary,

holding out his hand; "you have been very kind to me, and God help me, I have needed kindness."

"Oh, you needn't say good-by," replied Dornton, returning to shake hands with his patient; "say adieu, that's French, you know—means a parting for the present only. You say 'good-by' to a man that you do not expect to see for some time."

"That is why I said good-by to you, doctor," returned the secretary.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Dornton, in wonder. "I shall see you in the morning, for I shall make a point of calling in to see how you are getting on."

"You may call, doctor, but you will not see me," replied the other.

"Why so? you won't deny your medical attendant admission to your chamber?" cried Dornton, with an air of mock dignity.

"Oh, no, doctor; but I shall leave this house early in the morning."

"Why, what on earth are you going to do that for?" cried the physician in amazement.

"Were I to touch another morsel in this house, now that I know what I do, it would choke me!" said the secretary, excitedly.

The doctor could give but one meaning to this, and that was that the secretary's real station in life was far above the one he now occupied, and having recovered his reason, he felt ashamed of his menial position. Dornton had already come to the conclusion that his patient was a man of breeding.

"I understand you are ashamed of your present position in this household?"

"That may be the reason," replied the secretary, and a peculiar look appeared on his face. It was there but a moment, and the doctor, who was a little near-sighted, did not notice it.

"Well, after you get settled, if you will leave your address at my office, any time, sir, I shall be pleased to call upon you and continue our acquaintance. I assure you, sir, I take a deep interest in you." And with these words the doctor departed.

"A good heart," murmured the secretary, "but what are good hearts to me, when mine is blasted and withered forever?"

For a little while the secretary remained in deep thought.

"I can not understand it!" at length he cried, talking aloud as if addressing his conversation to some one, although the room contained no one but himself. "If she is the child, how came she here with him?" Another silence, broken only by the ticking of the little clock upon the mantel-piece.

"Blue eyes and golden hair—that is right, except that the mother's hair was straight, while hers curl in crispy ringlets. Still, that is possible. Children do not always resemble the mother. When I first came here, the hair and eyes seemed familiar, though then I had no suspicions whose house I was in, or how deeply I was interested in this girl. But now—now that my memory has come back to me, I can not trace in her features a single likeness to her mother; and if she is the child, how can

she have got into his hands? That is a mystery. Accident, perhaps, might have brought them in contact. He asserted positively to his son that she was the child. He was not playing a game of deception; no, the truth was evident in his voice."

Again there was silence in the room. The brows of the secretary were knitted as if puzzling thoughts were passing through his brain.

"I have it!" he cried at last, after a long period of silent thought. "I might have remembered it before. Let me once see her shoulder and I shall know the truth. But how can I see that shoulder? There is but one way and that is full of danger. That is to enter her room after she is asleep—but if she should wake and discover me? There is but little danger. All suppose that I am very sick, besides I have no motive, that any one could guess, for such an action. How can I enter the room?" A moment the secretary thought.

"I have it!" he cried in exultation; "the key of the library will fit the lock; I can easily push the inside key out. The slight noise made by it dropping to the floor will not be apt to wake her. One single moment by her side and I can discover the truth. I will make the attempt!"

And so having come to this conclusion, the secretary lay upon the bed and watched the hands of the clock as they moved slowly around, marking the flight of time.

The hands of the clock marked twelve before the secretary stirred from the bed. Then he arose and dressed himself.

In stocking-feet he moved to the door, opened it and listened. All was still within the house. The inmates long since were buried in slumber.

Closing the door behind him carefully, the secretary stole cautiously and with noiseless feet along the entry.

The apartment occupied by Essie was on the floor beneath the one on which the room of the secretary was situated.

Slowly and without a particle of noise, the secretary descended the stairs. In his hand he carried a small pair of scissars.

The strange, white-haired man proceeded first to the library and took the key from the door; then he crept to the one that led into the apartment occupied by the young girl.

At the door, the secretary listened carefully; no sound within gave sign of life.

"She is young, and with this grief upon her heart, when she does sleep, she must sleep soundly. Now for the key?" Thus mused the secretary. Then, after a moment's listening, to make sure that he would not be disturbed, this prowler of the night inserted one of the blades of the scissors into the keyhole. Luckily for his purpose, the key in the inside, with which Essie had locked the door before retiring, was placed almost square in the key-hole. A slight tap with the point of the scissor-blade and the key was pushed out and fell to the floor inside the room.

Then again the secretary paused and listened intently to discover if the slight noise made by the key striking the floor had awakened the sleeper.

But to the ear placed to the key-hole came no sound to indicate that the young girl had been disturbed by the noise, which indeed was but slight, hardly as much as a mouse would have made running across the floor.

Having approached near enough, and the whale remaining still, the boat-steerer arose cautiously, seized his iron, and let fly at the broadside of the animal.

You may judge of the whale's astonishment when aroused from his calm and peaceful slumbers by so rude an assault—a barbed iron sent through blubber and muscle, nearly, if not quite, to his vitals.

A sudden spring into the air was, not unfrequently, the whale's response to this unexpected and unwelcome salutation. That ugly mass of flesh and bone suddenly distorted and thrashing about in the most violent and desperate manner made the waters foam and boil to a great distance around him, like a seething pot. Boats were swamped, overset, or knocked into the air by the whale's flukes.

Having made every thing sung, the captain now announced the fact that he was going to fill up with humpback oil. A great many humpback whales were seen sporting in the bay; they came in to feed, and their tall, slender spouts could be seen going up in every direction.

The humpbacks were so extremely shy,

and so wary, that it was necessary to have recourse to strategy in order to take them.

Accordingly, we approached them when asleep. A whale would be observed lying perfectly still on the surface. Drawing in our oars, which, when used, made too much noise in the locks, we propelled the boat with short paddles; and, even then, it was necessary to guard against making the least noise.

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SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Saturday Journal

Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JUNE 25, 1870.

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Contributors and Correspondents.

Can use poem "HONEST, UPRIGHT, TRUE,"—MAN'S AMBITION" by same writer we do not regard as up to the standard of excellence demanded for an essay.

"THE INCENDIARY," "THE BROKEN HEARTED," and "THE BRIDE," by Major W. H. S., we shall not use. No stamps for return.

"TRIED AND TRUE" is not available. It is imperfect as a manuscript, and as to story has nothing in it that can be deemed original. No stamps.

Poem "MAGGIE WILL SOON BE FORGOTTEN" is crude, and hardly worthy of publication.

MSS. "IDA" and "MISS BELLE" we do not find available. The latter is not entirely upright, and the same idea has been better expressed by Tom Hood. To use an *Irishism*: The author should learn how to write before he attempts to write!

"UNCLE PHIL'S" contributions are not particularly desirable, and "PINE HOLLER" must find some more impressive mode of expressing its sentiments than by bad spelling.

Can not use contributions by Warren St. C. They are too young. The author has good promise in him.

Poems by Henry C. K. are immature. The writer has taste but not skill. The poem "MARY" is, probably, not the work of his hand. It is far too good and perfect. We give it. With some of our readers tell us whence it was taken.

Sweet as the music of some gentle lute,
Born on the air at midnight's silent hour,
When all is still, and every lip is mute,
And music has a captivating power,
Was the strain that broke upon the ear,
And made my heart to beat with a stirring spell,
I thought 'twas born from under starry sphere,
As o'er my soul its soothing cadence fell;
And whispered in a tone of holy love,
The name Mary, oh! what power can tell
What brought that music from the realms above.

Joseph F. M. writes *unequally*. Some of his stanzas are exceedingly well expressed and significant in poetic idea, while others are confused and weak. This is the case with the poem "SCREAMING AND MOONLIGHT," where the last stanza, which should be perfection of an emotional climax, is unrhymed and indecisive. We will try and give place to the poems, taking some slight liberties with the text.

"BYRON'S GENIUS DEFENDED" is excellent for an illustration of the saying that the less a man knows the more he thinks he knows. The writer has about as correct an appreciation of Byron's genius as the Woman of the Period has of that of her mother and grandmother. He has, very evidently, read Don Juan very attentively. The young man who feeds on Don Juan is not likely to have a clear vision.

J. G. La R. and all other correspondents are requested not to remit MSS. in a tightly rolled package. It is simply unreadable. Always fold flat and send in an envelope of liberal size.

A Pittsburgh correspondent asks if the romances "Dead Letter" and "Figure Eight," are printed in book form. They are. Send one dollar and both will be returned by mail, postpaid.

A Brooklyn Subscriber wants to know if it will answer for a person having the fever and ague to be a conductor on a horse-car. We should say, if the person wants to really enjoy the "shakes" the horse-car is a very good place to shake in. The idea that these car conductors are "no great shakes" might undergo a change if our subscriber would assume the badge.

Annie G. B. writes that she is greatly annoyed by a *wart* on her left cheek and asks how she can get rid of it. The doctor says: "Get a *sweat-mas-tache* try the power of his lips on it, say six times a week; or, if Annie is unwilling to endure the pain of such an operation, let her try this, a Frenchman's recipe: "Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart, and tie it on it, or, if the excrescence is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of sticking plaster. It may be removed in the day and put on every night. In one fortnight the wart will die and peel off. The same prescription will cure corns."

"OUR JOHNNY" writes *promisingly*, in the humorous vein. A few years of experience will be necessary to fit him for success. Let him write more, and let him study the art of composition. His "REPORTER'S TROUBLES" is not good enough for use. For "WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW" we will try and find a corner. The other MS. is destroyed.

"TIS STRANGE" "TIS PASSING STRANGE" is very crude and not available. MS. destroyed. Ditto MS. "NARROW ESCAPE"—Ditto. "YOUNG FULL DAYS" MS. returned as per order and money inclosed. The author is wasting time and money in sending such things to publishers.—Essay "WOMAN'S GOODNESS" is hardly equal to the author's previous efforts—probably because he knew less of his subject! He will know more of woman when he is a few years older.

Will use the poem by Lillie Sunshine. If the young lady wishes to "try her hand" on a story we will be glad to have her do so. The poem she incloses is very good indeed, and if "an early effort," gives fine promise for the writer's future.

Essay "PRECOCIOUS YOUNG AMERICA" we will try and find place for.

Charles E. M. can not use poems. They are not of that distinctive merit which we demand in such contributions. MS. not preserved.

Foolscap Papers.

My Fenian Expedition.

HAVING had many fair promises made me by the leaders of the late Fenian movement if I would organize a regiment and proceed to the seat of war, which was getting very uneasy to sit on, I proceeded to do so. Among the inducements held out, besides the glory, was that I should have possession of the palace of the Queen, a share in the division of the Bank of England, and a crown-Prince to black my boots. Such liberal offers could, in no manner, be refused, and in fifteen minutes the regiment was organized. It consisted of four brave warriors—myself being Colonel; Phelim O'Rourke, Lt.-Col.; Patrick Donovan, Major; and Larry Finnigan, Captain. We had no men in the ranks, as no member of the Irish Republic could ever stoop so low as to be *private*.

I bound my father's sword (which he faithfully used during the Revolution to cut pumpkins) around me with a piece of string, formed my officers in a line, and marched to the train, and arrived safely at St. Albans, where arms were provided.

Our artillery consisted of one 12-pound club, borne by O'Rourke. One rifle, with the lock gone, but having splendid sights, carried by Donovan, and one seven-shooter revolver, with the cylinder lost, carried by Finnigan.

The expedition has not failed, it has only been unfortunate.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

P. S.—Please inform Congress where I am.

ONLY A KISS.

ONLY a kiss—that is all. But it is what I received the other day, and from a young lady, too! Just think of that, reader! Now, perhaps some who have read a late article in the JOURNAL, on "Bashfulness," will think that I have conquered that feeling. But not so: I am as bashful as ever. But, my dear reader, when you are going from home, leaving behind friends and companions of your school-boy days, and remember what delightful times you used to have; when you leave behind you those who have watched over you in your infancy, can you help doing otherwise than to shake London like the ague, and it requires to be shaken before taken.

Here I clinched the speech by striking my sword against a stump, which bent it short off, and one fellow jumped down and said he was mighty hungry, and wanted to know where the quartermaster was. I told him in tones of personal thunder that I was master of all the quarter that would ever be asked by this regiment, and immediately ordered a forward movement, saying if we should meet the enemy we would bottle them up and label them, and then, lest we might meet somebody we didn't want to, we struck across back lots and fields, and shortly were confronted by a masked battery which consisted of one brass-collared 140-pound dog, which belched forth volumes of deadly howls. It received a fire of three brick-bats from the left wing of the regiment, and then charged. Donovan's rifle didn't go off quite as soon as he did, and we all followed suit for a fence, so we could take a better view of the existing state of affairs, or affairs of State.

We had no more than got firmly entrenched on the fence from his back by a skillet, and he was found mortally scared; then, immediately afterward, a heavy fire opened from the rear door of a kitchen, and there were great explosions of crockery all around us. Seeing our situation, I ordered the patriots to save themselves and never mind me—for I was able to take care of myself. I led them to a hospitable pig-pen, and there we bivouacked as night closed in upon the potato-field of battle. When the dawn of another day kindled its fire on the crests of the distant hills, and the rooster's shrill clarion waked us from our dreams of heroism, we found the pig-pen was locked on the outside, and the chances for our escape were exceedingly small, unless we could turn ourselves into spiders; however, we cut loopholes, and determined to hold out to the last—which looked very much like it would come first.

We had plenty of bullets but no powder.

In spite of this I knew that I could kill every one who would come close enough and let me cut his head off with my trenchant blade.

Pretty soon hostilities began in the enemy's camp by a forward movement of chambermaids, armed with buckets full of hot water, but being used to this kind of warfare at home we were not alarmed; then we saw a fellow come out of the house with a bottle in each hand, which sight so inspired O'Rourke and Donovan with the spirit of ten thousand battles that they made one lunge against the door, which gave way, and in three seconds the man was captured, when to their infinite disgust they found the bottles were unloaded. This circumstance of war had a very depressing effect on the cause of Ireland, and loud dissatisfaction was heard among the officers, and complaints that after they had overrun all the country they had

run over, they had not been there in time to shed the last drop that those bottles had held. At this juncture drums were heard, and the Canadian militia were seen coming down on four sides armed with fire-crackers, squirt-guns and squibs, and they opened such a murder-us bombardment that it looked for a short time like somebody would get hurt. We formed into a solid square to withstand any heavy charge they might make for us being there. The rattling of crackers and teeth was alarming. Blood flowed like water in our veins. At one time O'Rourke broke ranks and jumped into a friendly barrel, which proved to be full of swill, and it was with difficulty that he was saved. Soon a terrific explosion, caused by Donovan tramping on a paper of torpedoes, shook the earth. We thought the die was cast and our die was close at hand. Queen Victoria, too, felt very much alarmed for the safety of her throne, as it depended on the issue of this battle. Each one of us fought desperately, mowing down whole columns—in imagination, until at length they made a furious charge with a dray and carried us off to a safe place inside the jail.

Twenty Canadians were found on the field dead—*runk*. I was wounded in the left coat-tail, and had my hopes severely shattered.

We are quite safe here for the time being, but the Canadians have the key, and there has been some talk of making swinging signs of us.

The expedition has not failed, it has only been unfortunate.

WILLIAM WHITEHORN.

P. S.—Please inform Congress where I am.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

IV.

BALLADS are the first fruits of poetry, and in such we find the first records of history.

Heroic deeds and local events being commemorated therein, that the recollection thereof might be the easier. Ballads are therefore a very common form of poetry, and some of the finest poetry is to be found in such; though of course ballad poetry is of an individual character, and has a stand-point of its own.

To write a good ballad is more difficult than may at first be supposed: to give it the "ring," without which it loses half its charm, and much of its effect, may be acquired by reading others, such as Macaulay or Aytoun, two of the finest ballad writers that we know.

But, independent of the "ring," which should characterize a good ballad, the beauties of description should be freely interspersed to vary the nature of the poem.

The surroundings and landscape of a spot, where certain conversations and events take place, are generally minutely described in good ballads, without of course its being absolutely necessary, but coming in well as food for the imagination, and variety in the narrative.

There should be no *superfluous* words and phrases in a ballad: every word should tell.

Simplicity of expression should stamp every line, and give it that charm which it would not otherwise have.

Of course there is some degree of liberty allowed in the language, when the ballad is written on a humorous subject, when one is less tied down, than he would otherwise be.

But while simplicity of language should be aimed at, we do not mean to say that prosy expressions should be allowed to creep in, or words which, from being daily used, are too much used to produce any satisfaction to the reader, who shrinks as it were, from too commonplace expression of idea. Instances might be multi-

plied to show this, but a moment's consideration will convince you of the truth of the remark, without filling up paper with examples.

A ballad may also be too homely, which is the case with that of Wordsworth entitled "Alice Fell," which is, besides, somewhat laughable in subject, telling of a little girl, who nearly broke her heart over a "wretched rag," and then of her joy at receiving a new cloak in its place; showing how easily the grief, which the poet so ridiculously exaggerates, was not of so severe a nature, as that a new and better cloak could not turn it to *instantaneous joy*—a ballad which suffered under the critical process of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Such subjects should be cleared clear of, for the very good reason, that it can give no pleasure to the reader to peruse such.

For the good of young writers, who would wish to read the best ballads extant, and aim at writing them, we give the following, with their several authors. "Horatius on the Bridge," by Macaulay; "The Stand of the Scots," by Aytoun; "Bernardo Del Carpio," by Mrs. Hemans (a ballad of great pathos, and at the same time one of the finest in the language); or Lockhart's translations of the Spanish ballads, and that grand old ballad "Chevy Chase" and the "Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. These should be well studied by those who aspire to ballad-writing, and read by all.

Macaulay perhaps stands first, owing to the good and original material he chose to work on. Proper attention to such models, combined with due care in writing, will greatly aid any one who has a *taste* for such composition, remembering this, that the more *Saxon* your language is the better; and that in a ballad all should be life and fire, without any *high-flown* diction, which is utterly out of place.

EXCELSIOR.

DID SHE LOVE ME?

"Now, George, I know she loves you—what is the use in your thinking that she does not?" said Fred Fixton, my boon companion, to me one day, while we were taking a stroll through the woods.

I had become acquainted with a beautiful young lady—Anna Penton—while upon my summer vacation the year before. My friend, Fred, had accompanied me this time, and as he was a jolly good fellow, and made light of every thing, he gave me great courage in many things I would have left undone if it had not been for him.

"Perhaps you are right, Fred," replied I, "but I am not sure. There are times when she seems very cool to me, and does not have much to say; and then again she is lively and witty."

"And is it possible that you do not know what this change indicates?" asked Fred.

"Yes, I am very sorry to say that it is a great mystery to me. Can you solve it?"

Fred, with a good-natured smile upon his face, said:

"George Rogers, you little know what these sudden changes are; you little know what that apparently cool expression on Anna's face means; you little know what her lively and witty times are for—do you wish me to explain them to you?"

"By all means—by all means—I'll be a very attentive listener, I assure you," said I.

And with another smile—like a smile all good, honest fellows have, he resumed:

"That expression which you call cool, is no more or less than that she loves you, and is afraid you do not love her. Not a cool expression, but a sad one instead—you did not read that face aright. I have noticed her, even since I have been here. When she is lively and witty, then is the time when she wishes you to know that she loves you. As you have probably noticed, when you do any little favor for her, she is always light-hearted and gay. Now depend upon it, George, you are the only one she loves."

Fred Fixton, I believe you are right. I will this very night ask Anna if she will become my wife. She will be a good one, too—none of your foolish little laced-up, half-grown young ladies, but a good, sensible little woman," I replied with much enthusiasm.

Having walked about far enough for that afternoon, we returned home, and what a light and happy heart I had!

To begin at the beginning, I must tell you a little story."

"Sir!" said Archer, in astonishment.

"Let me go on," the Licensed Vender said, quietly, and with a strange smile on his worn and battered features. "My story begins just twenty years ago. In a certain store on the lower part of Broadway, there were two clerks. Both young men; both about the same age and apparently fast friends. I say apparently, for one of the young clerks was from being a friend to the other, as my story will show. These two young men fell in love with the same girl; of course but one could win her; that one she married. After the marriage, the two young men were, apparently, as fast friends as ever. By the way, I may as well give these two men names, or probably you will not be able to understand my story. One—the husband—was called Joseph Kingston. The other—the disappointed lover—was called Algernon Stuart."

Archer could not repress a slight start when these names fell upon his ear.

"What has this to do with me, sir?" he said, impatiently.

"Wait and listen—you will soon learn," said the old man, coldly.

Again the cloud came over Archer's brow; again he looked searchingly in the old man's face.

"A year or so after Kingston's marriage, he became the happy father of a baby girl. She was named Lillian," said the Licensed Vender.

Again Archer started, and surveyed the stranger with a look of wonder.

"When his child was about a year old, one night Kingston and Stuart went to a political meeting. After the meeting they became involved in a street brawl. In the brawl a man was killed—stabbed to the heart by a knife in the hand of Stuart. The knife was one that he had borrowed from Kingston that very afternoon. Kingston was arrested for the murder; it was traced to him directly, for his knife, bearing his full name, had remained in the body of the murdered man. Stuart visited Kingston in his prison, employed him to keep silent for a few days to give him, Stuart, time to fly the country, and he promised to leave behind him in a friend's hand a full confession of all the circumstances attending the murder."

"Kingston was a true and loyal friend. He remained silent and did not accuse his companion. Stuart disappeared, but did not leave a confession of his guilt. Kingston was tried—convicted and sent to the State prison for ten years. He suffered for the crime of his friend.

"Now we take a jump forward for ten years. Many things happened in that time. Kingston's wife, who was but a foolish girl, that had married without really loving the man she had married, procured a divorce from the criminal, who in Sing Sing prison was cursing the hour when he put trust in the false friend who had betrayed him. The wife married again, and whom do you suppose she married?"

Archer winced at the question, but replied not.

"You can't guess—I thought not," said the old man, bitterly. "Why she married Algernon Stuart, the man for whose crime Kingston was giving all his young life away. In his cell at Sing Sing, the discarded husband heard of the marriage of the woman, who had sworn at the altar's side to love, honor and obey him, to the false friend that had betrayed him. Then in the darkness of his prison he swore a fearful oath that if he was ever again let loose upon the world, he would have ample and complete vengeance for the wrong that had been done him.

Archer shivered slightly and let his look fall from the face of the old man to the carpet.

"As I have said, ten years passed away—slowly they went, one by one," continued the Licensed Vender. "At first, Kingston counted the years, then he counted the months, and finally he counted the hours that were between him and freedom. And as the time came on that would give him back again to the world—that for ten years had been barred from his sight—the desire for vengeance grew stronger and stronger. In the solitude of his prison cell, he had sworn to kill the man that had stolen ten years of his life and the woman of his heart.

"At last the day came that gave him back again to the world a free man. He left the prison with but one wish, one thought, and that was vengeance. He came instantly to New York. He was no longer a young man; ten years of prison life had lined his face, and his hair that was once as glossy black as the raven's wing, was now as white as snow. He was changed in every thing save in his one great desire for vengeance. That was as strong when he left the prison walls as when in the gloom of his cell he had sworn to kill the man who had wronged him. But his desire for vengeance was baffled. He could find no trace of the false friend, Algernon Stuart, or of Ellen, the wife who had deserted him when the clouds of misfortune came around him. Stuart had fled to parts unknown, and with him he had also taken the child of Kingston, the girl Lillian. All efforts on the part of the wronged man to discover traces of the man who had wronged him were fruitless, and at last he gave up the chase."

"Well, sir, what has this to do with me?" asked the merchant, evidently ill at ease.

"The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine," said the old man, with a bitter laugh, that rung discordantly in the ears of Archer. "It is a saying full of truth. The vengeance that Joseph Kingston sought for nearly ten years ago, and which eluded his grasp, has been placed within his hands at last. Providence does not ordain that the guilty shall go unpunished. Joseph Kingson, the man that came out of Sing Sing prison, broken in spirit and constitution, has lived throughout all these years for one purpose only—vengeance. By the way, I haven't introduced myself; have I?" and the old man rose with mock politeness. "The world calls me 'Old Joe, the Licensed Vender'; but years ago, I was called Joseph Kingston."

"I feel sorry for your misfortunes, Mr. Kingston," said the merchant, with pale lips, "but I do not see any way in which I can be of service to you."

"I have changed a great deal in twenty years," said the old man, with a glance of fire, "so have you, but I knew you the moment my eyes fell upon your face. I never closed my eyes for ten long years in the darkness of my cell but I saw your face; do you think that I could forget you?"

"What do you mean?" asked Archer, rising in alarm.

"That you are my foe! You are Algernon Stuart, through you call yourself Archer. You are the false friend who gave me ten years of prison life—who robbed me of my wife and child—stole all from me and made my life a hell. Your hour has come—prepare to die."

Then with a bound, like a panther springing upon its prey, Kingston leaped upon Stuart and bore him backward to the floor.

Vainly the merchant struggled against the iron strength of his foe. A knife gleamed before his eyes.

"Remember Ellen and my child that you stole from me!" cried Kingston, as he raised his arm to strike.

"Unable to cry for help, for a hand of iron clutched him by the throat, Stuart felt that he was lost.

"Oh, father, do not kill him!" cried a girlish voice by the side of the struggling man.

Kingston looked up, and in the face of the girl he saw the likeness to his own. He took his hand from the throat of his foe.

"Speech!" he cried, "as you hope for mercy hereafter, is this my child—my Lillian?"

"Yes," gasped the prostrate man.

"For my sake, father, do not harm him!"

pleaded the girl. In the inner room she had heard all.

Kingston sprung to his feet and folded his child to his heart.

Stuart rose slowly, put his hand to his head as if in pain, with a groan sunk to the floor. The crimson stream that trickled from his mouth told of death. He had burst a blood-vessel and escaped earthly vengeance.

Lillian found herself the heir to all of the dead man's property.

Kingston did not long survive his foe. One little week, and "Old Joe, the Licensed Vender," found a home in Greenwood's silent city. Wronged and wronger had gone their last account.

After Many Days.

BY FANNY ELLIOT.

"No, Clarice, you must give up *everything*, or nothing. I will never marry the woman whose love will not include perfect, unreserved confidence."

Frank Irving stood by the tastefully ornamental mantel, his elbow leaning on its marble surface, his fine head resting against his hand. He was looking straight at Clarice Conway, who, bending over an exquisite Afghan, her deft fingers were fashioning, was flushing to an angry red.

"But you are *dreadfully* unreasonable, Frank! As if I was compelled to give you the why and wherefore of every act I performed."

Frank still kept his tender, grave eyes on his betrothed's fair face.

"No, Clarice. You misunderstand me. I do not desire to preserve any such espionage on your conduct; nor do I intend to do so. Yet, when a rumor like this comes directly to me, what can I do but tell you and request an explanation?"

His tones were cool, calm and kind, while Clarice grew more wedged with every word, until she threw aside her zephas and needles, and angrily walked to him.

"What could you do?" Why, I'll tell you. You might have been *gentleman* enough to have denied it, point blank, in the first place.

In the second instance you could have *politely* asked me what it all meant; but, instead, you pounce down on me, and demand an explanation!" No, Frank, Irving to read, he had been to see her a score of times.

Already the village gossips had begun to surmise; and even Clarice, poor, suffering Clarice, tried to accept the pitiful truce so rudely upon her, and consider Minnie the betrothed of one she loved better than life.

"Clarice, you've not answered me. Won't you read this, please?"

"It's from Doctor Irving?"

She tried to speak carelessly, indifferently, but her voice trembled in spite of her, as she extended a cold hand for the missive.

"Of course; and, Clarice, dear, if I only dared tell you how much I love him—oh, Clarice, you never can begin to guess how much."

Clarice's heart gave a fearful spasm of agony. Could not she guess? Ah, the bit-

beat faster at the sound of his quick tread coming to their doors; and now, when he had actually bought the Warrener property, everybody wondered who would be the mistress over the splendid place.

Load after load of costly furniture was carted from the depot; crimson velvet and walnut for the parlor, green damask and walnut for the office; a beautiful dining-room suit of oak brown; several bedroom suits of enviable splendor; mirrors, silver, china, carpets, and a Steinway grand, in company with a beautiful cottage organ.

But, after several weeks, the bustle was over, and all that inquiring eyes could see was the soft lace curtain, and the open vestibule, with its checked marble floor, and inside walnut doors.

And then, who was to be the bride?

"Clarice, will you read it?"

Minnie Merton's sweet voice was accompanied by a delicious little blush as she handed an open letter across the table to Clarice Conway.

You'd hardly have known her, so worn and wan she looked. Her eyes, once so merry and bright, were full of a pitiful wistfulness, and a pained look ever hovered around her lips.

She was a different woman, this haughty Clarice Conway, from the day she had driven her lover from her in a moment of wrath; and, though the days went on, and the weeks changed to months, he had never come near. But, now, that pretty, petite Minnie Merton had come from the city to spend the summer, the young doctor had called; he had called often, and on the sunshiny afternoon that the fair-haired girl handed the letter for Clarice to read, he had been to see her a score of times.

His tones were cool, calm and kind, while Clarice grew more wedged with every word, until she threw aside her zephas and needles, and angrily walked to him.

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"There," suddenly exclaimed Minnie, darting from her chair, "I have a message for your cook, Frank. Will I find her downstairs?"

"I presume so; can I ring?"

"No. I can find her. I'll be back in a moment."

Off she sprung, and left Frank alone with Clarice.

The moment the door closed, Frank walked straight to his favorite place, the mantelpiece. Before him, pale and weary, her hat and wrap thrown aside, sat Clarice.

"I have often pictured this scene, Clarice."

Doctor Irving spoke softly, tenderly, and she sprang up in amazement.

"No, don't run away and leave me, Clarice. I have brought you to my home to keep you. Won't you stay, Clarice, forever? I can't spare you. Oh! I've hungered so for you these long, long weeks! I was cross and cruel;

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numberless little articles of *vertu* the costliest that decorated any residence far or near.

And amid all this luxury the lone woman, who was mistress of it all, stood, clad in robes of magnificence, defiantly proud and fascinating.

Clare Trevlyn had been deeply wounded when her husband came to her, on that evening when we introduced her, and her heart still quivered from the fierce blows Frederic Trevlyn had struck. But she had resolved to pursue her own course, and now she smiled sternly at her lovely face in the mirror, as she thought over her plans.

She stepped to the speaking-tube.

"Send Esther to me."

Her melodious voice echoed down the long distance, and in a moment a low tap answered her.

In obedience to the silence which followed, a sign of Mrs. Trevlyn's that she was ready to receive her servants into her presence, the door opened, and the woman summoned entered.

She was a fleshy, good-looking, amiable, harmless-looking woman, whose black silk dress and neat lace cap bespoke her of the higher order of servants. And indeed she was, as the conversation between lady and maid proved.

"Close the door and turn the key, Esther. I desire to talk on private and important matters, which no one living must know but you and I. You understand?"

Mrs. Trevlyn nodded questioningly.

"I do comprehend, exactly. I am to hear every thing, yet know nothing."

Esther understood her ground well.

"Precisely; we have shared many a secret, Esther, before I was Mrs. Trevlyn, and you plain Esther Waring—the rich Mrs. Trevlyn's housekeeper. You remember those early, happy days, I suppose?"

"Indeed, I do; and all too well. How the proud, handsome gentleman came riding to the tumble-down cottage to court you!"

Esther's face clouded over as she spoke.

"He was handsome, Esther, and proud, too; and he is yet."

Mrs. Trevlyn tried to smooth the frown from her companion's brow.

"Proud and handsome he may be, yet what does his beauty count for when he treats you so shamefully?"

"Hush, Esther. I can not allow you to disparage my husband's conduct. Remember I am his wife."

There was a sweet dignity in Clare's tones that fell reprovingly on Esther's ears, but it failed to quell the storm of passion rising in her breast.

"And a pretty husband he is! Didn't he come all the way from New York to see you, and then order me up in the middle of the night to light up the blue bedroom for him, and yours, by rights, as cozy and comfortable as possible?"

Her voice grew loud and indignant as she ended, while a flush dyed Clare's fair face. "Do not be so severe, Esther. Mr. Trevlyn was very tired, and wished a bath before he went to sleep. You should not judge him so harshly."

Esther laughed scornfully.

"And why wasn't his wife's bedroom good enough, eh? Don't tell me, Mrs. Trevlyn, that that man cares for you; don't tell me not to judge him, when every servant in the house gossips about you two the live-long day."

"No, Esther! The girls do not mention his name, do they?"

A proud, injured look was on her face as she raised it, tearful and flushed.

"And why don't they? They're every cause to, I am sure."

Clare arose from her chair, and walked slowly to and fro, her eyes blinded by the hot tears that welled from her sad heart. Suddenly she paused before Esther.

"To think that the time has come when Frederic and I are a byword among our servants! To think that he loves me so little as to conduct himself in such a manner, that people point at us and repeat that Frederic Trevlyn does not live with his wife! Oh, Esther, it is hard to bear all this, silently and without demur! What have I ever done to merit all this agony and shame?"

She clasped her beautiful hands in an ecstasy of grief, and bowed her proud head on them.

"Sure enough, what have you done? I'll soon tell you. You've worshiped that man until you've concluded he is a god among men. You've slaved, and slaved for him, until he has grown weary of you, and now, while your love continues the same, his has waned, and in another vicinity he seeks new faces, new charms, to divert his mind."

Esther Waring spoke sharply, bitterly. When she had done, Clare raised her drooping head.

"Yes, God knows I love him, and God knows I am true to him."

Her passionate avowal made no impression on the indignant woman.

"But he insists you are disgraced and dishonored, and advises you to remain here, in seclusion and retirement, to meditate on past offenses and future punishment."

She looked triumphantly at Clare, who sat, pale and sad, like a broken lily.

"True," she responded, weakly; "true, Frederic does not believe me when I tell him I love him, and have never breathed a disloyal breath; but what must I do to convince him otherwise?"

"Do!" asked Esther, sharply, ironically.

"Why, prove yourself his abject slave by immolating yourself in this gilded cage, and humbly receiving him when he condescends to come, as a dog does its master whom he fears."

"Cease, Esther. This is wrong, heartless. I am heart-sick and spirit-sad. To you I came for advice, for comfort; for, besides you, I have none else. My husband hates me, my mother is in heaven, my baby an angel! Oh, Esther, Esther, I am very lonely! Forget I am the rich Mrs. Trevlyn; call me little Clare again, as you did when I was little! Oh, Esther, my heart is so sick!"

Scalding tears dropped from her brilliant eyes, and the woman's lip trembled at sight of her woeful, pitiful face.

"God help you, my baby Clare, for you have a heavy burden to bear on those slight shoulders."

She wound her arms about Mrs. Trevlyn's neck, and kissed her forehead.

"Esther," whispered Clare, "can't I convince Fred how innocent I am? Tell me how to win his love again! He must love me; he shall love me, for I am his wife."

"Mrs. Trevlyn, come with me a moment," and Esther took her unresisting hand, and led her to the mirror.

"See, there is a beautiful woman, who can, who shall win her husband to his rightful love."

Gradually Clare's eyes grew soft, and her mouth rippled in a sweet, rare smile. Her perfect form was displayed to its best advantage by the close-fitting, graceful robe she wore; and her beauty was heightened by the severe simplicity of her dress. The starry eyes were floating with their tearful splendor, and from their dark depths looked out a tender, proud light.

"Yes, Esther, I am beautiful, am I not?"

"Every one calls you so, and that must be true which all indorse. Mrs. Trevlyn, this beauty is your weapon; you must bring your husband to your side again."

A smile played around Clare's exquisite mouth.

"Yes, I will take advantage of it. Life, wealth, pride—all, all will I gladly sacrifice if I may once more hear my husband say, 'My darling, my wife!'"

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLING WITH SHADOWS.

SEVERAL days had elapsed since the day Frederic Trevlyn returned from Philadelphia, and, as usual, after his trips there, he shut himself closely in the Archery, receiving his meals at the hands of his valet, at the half-opened door of his private room. He had not seen any one since his return, and his face wore that stormy, anguished expression of one passing through deepest waters.

The afternoon sunlight peeped through the shutters of the sanctum, where pale and trembling, he sat, fighting another fierce battle with himself. The gray velvet curtains hid him from view, but a listener in the adjoining room might have heard the moans that burst from his hard-compressed lips.

"It is madness, yes, infinitely worse than madness! And yet, in my own strength, I am nothing. I can not—oh, I can not fight much longer against this mighty power that is dragging me down, soul and body, to ruin, desolation, and remorse! And yet I court the sweet temptation; I delight to revel in the forbidden joy. Weak, powerless wretch I am, and still, what can I do? How shall I shut the last ray of light, dazzling to eternal blindness though it be, from my weary eyes?"

"I am waiting," said William, as he appeared.

"I want you to ride to the residences of those whose names are on this list, and carry some notes."

He handed the man a list.

"While you are saddling your horse and arranging your route, I will sign the cards of invitation. In twenty minutes I will be ready."

The time had barely clapped when Frederic appeared at the door, the envelopes in hand, while William led his horse to the carriage-block.

"Begin with the Villa, and end at the Grange," he said, as William rode off.

"It is of no consequence, but I feel as if every act I did that gave no preference to her was a safeguard," he whispered, with a bitter smile; then, as his murmured words recalled her too forcibly for silence, he repeated her name:

"Maude, poor child!"

He entered the house again, and again rung for Mrs. Holcombe.

"I am a great deal of trouble, I know," he began, pleasantly; "but will you take me through the rooms, and show me what you regard the most convenient suite, and the most elegant guest-chambers?"

"Bless you, Mr. Frederic, I shall be proud and happy to accompany you. But I must confess, it does seem strange for a gentleman not to know enough of his own home to go through it alone."

"I am a strange man, Mrs. Holcombe, as you truly say. Besides my bedroom and the ground floor, I have not entered a room in the Archery for two years."

His face clouded again.

"Do not let your mind run on your troubles, sir, so much. Pardon my boldness," she added, noting his stern features.

"Pardon me, my good friend, for neglecting you for so many months. As you say, my griefs oppress me constantly, and under their burden I almost faint at times."

They paused before a massive oaken door, in whose lock Mrs. Holcombe fitted a large brass key.

"This is the best guest-chamber, Mr. Frederic, and one in which the President might feel proud to sleep. To my notion there isn't its equal in America."

With a pardonable satisfaction, she pushed open the door, and glanced proudly around. It was a splendid apartment, the prevailing color pale pink. Carpet, curtains, and wall were all tinted in the same

delicate shade, while, scattered in picturesque confusion, were every imaginable convenience and luxury.

Frederic gazed carelessly at it all.

"Yes, it looks very well."

"Very well!" repeated the housekeeper, in indignation. "It is elegant, splendid, magnificent!"

Trevlyn smiled at her enthusiasm.

"You needn't laugh, Mr. Frederic, for I am not the only woman who has gone in ecstasies over it."

He turned quickly toward her, a flush rising on his face.

"What woman has been here?" he asked.

"If I did wrong, you must pardon me; but she was so pretty, and so lady-like, and begged me to show her the house; and I could not refuse, especially when she said she knew you, and she guessed you would not object."

The blush deepened; then his face paled.

"Of course you didn't let Miss El—the lady enter every room?"

"Bless you, no, sir. The finest and best only, of course."

"Who was it, do you know?" he asked, a feeling of exquisite joy filling him at the thought that Maude had seen his house; begged to see it; admired it. Of course, Mrs. Holcombe referred to her, for who else pretty and lady-like in all the country but Maude Elverton?

"She left her card with me, but made me promise I would not let you see it. It was a short name, like Kate or Belle; neither of those, though."

"Yes," he said, softly, "she means Maude." Was it an uncommon name, Mrs. Holcombe?—an odd name?

He almost feared the answer, lest, after all, it were not the one he sought.

"The queerest I ever heard; I never heard it before or since."

He felt satisfied now—and if he only could get possession of the precious card, so that he might kiss the name he loved so fondly, he would find it a panacea in his moments of gloom and darkness.

"Mrs. Holcombe," he began, gently and persuasively, "I feel greatly flattered that any young lady should have been pleased with the taste I have displayed in my furniture. But could I know her name, I would like to present her my compliments."

He smiled at Mrs. Holcombe.

"But I have forgotten the name, Mr. Frederic, indeed I have, or I would tell you, seeing you would assure her how welcome she was."

"Most certainly I should; and invite her to repeat her tour of investigation. If I had her name—or the card," he suggested, hesitating.

Mrs. Holcombe's face brightened visibly.

"Sure enough, there is the card safe in my trunk, if I haven't lost it. I'll get it for you. You'll promise to be friends with me?"

He turned wearily away from the mantel, and lifted the gray velvet curtain.

"For the last time, for the last time," he murmured.

He stepped through, and the heavy folds closed after him.

It was only a moment ere he returned.

"I have left a faint light burning, which shall never die until I do! I have looked on my treasure for the last time as the lonely master of the deserted mansion. The next time I enter my sacred retreat, I shall be known as Frederic Trevlyn, the gay, generous, hospitable host of the Archery."

He left the outer room, and after locking it, went to the open door in the hall.

"I am waiting," said William, as he appeared.

"I want you to ride to the residences of those whose names are on this list, and carry some notes."

He handed the man a list.

"While you are saddling your horse and arranging your route, I will sign the cards of invitation. In twenty minutes I will be ready."

The time had barely clapped when Frederic appeared at the door, the envelopes in hand, while William led his horse to the carriage-block.

"Begin with the Villa, and end at the Grange," he said, as William rode off.

"It is of no consequence, but I feel as if every act I did that gave no preference to her was a safeguard," he whispered, with a bitter smile; then, as his murmured words recalled her too forcibly for silence, he repeated her name:

"Maude, poor child!"

He entered the house again, and again rung for Mrs. Holcombe.

"I am a great deal of trouble, I know," he began, pleasantly; "but will you take me through the rooms, and show me what you regard the most convenient suite, and the most elegant guest-chambers?"

"Bless you, Mr. Frederic, I shall be proud and happy to accompany you. But I must confess, it does seem strange for a gentleman not to know enough of his own home to go through it alone."

"I am a strange man, Mrs. Holcombe, as you truly say. Besides my bedroom and the ground floor, I have not entered a room in the Archery for two years."

His face clouded again.

"Do not let your mind run on your troubles, sir, so much. Pardon my boldness," she added, noting his stern features.

"Pardon me, my good friend, for neglecting you for so many months. As you say, my griefs oppress me constantly, and under their burden I almost faint at times."

They paused before a massive oaken door, in whose lock Mrs. Holcombe fitted a large brass key.

"This is the best guest-chamber, Mr. Frederic, and one in which the President might feel proud to sleep. To my notion there isn't its equal in America."

With a pardonable satisfaction, she pushed open the door, and glanced proudly around. It was a splendid apartment, the prevailing color pale pink. Carpet, curtains, and wall were all tinted in the same

delicate shade, while, scattered in pictur-esque confusion, were every imaginable convenience and luxury.

Frederic gazed carelessly at it all.

Marion managed to get hold of the piano that evening, and Jenny saw, as she sat as a cipher in a chair near the door, with a burning heart, that Will Jennings had ears for Marion alone!

At length, when Marion had finished playing a most difficult *morceau*, exciting Will Jennings' favorable comment—for he had a passion for music, and Marion shrewdly guessed it—she looked up and saw that Jenny had disappeared.

Of course, Mrs. Merton was surprised, though she informed Marion that Jenny complained of having a headache.

"Though for that matter," she continued, "she's such a queen girl that you can't make any thing out of her. Just like an old maid, for all the world!"

Then she gave a look toward Marion, who thereupon played one of the most difficult of the *Arditi* waltzes. Of course, Will was entranced, and so was Mrs. Merton.

"Really, things are turning out first-rate, Marion; and if you aren't engaged by the night of the ball, you'll surely be then," Mrs. Merton said, and she could afford to kiss the languid Marion good-night.

It was near the end of the season, and the grand ball was to end it; so preparations were made on a grand scale.

In a fever of expectation the important night came, and with it delightful weather on the beach.

Jenny had been employed all the week on Marion's new dress, for your fashionable dressmakers know how to charge, and Jenny was handy at the needle. As for Marion, she was getting along very well as far as Will Jennings was concerned. Once he had asked for Jenny, when he was informed by the affectionate Marion that she was such an ill-natured person that she kept to her room for spite.

As the clock struck eight, that night, Jenny finished the proud Marion's dress; and none too soon, for that beauty said, as she came into the sort of parlor occupied in common by the three:

"Really, you've finished it at last, but I suppose I'll look a perfect fright in it. Why couldn't I have Madame Lemond, mother, to do this? There's those Berkley girls—" and so bitter was the thought that the spoiled beauty gave a hysterical sob.

"Don't, for goodness' sake, cry; and really, that sets beautifully, especially the train. Here's the overskirt," and Mrs. Merton helped toward the toilette of her dutiful daughter.

"I don't care much. Mr. Jennings (I don't think I ever could call that bear Will) won't know whether I'm in black or green, as long as I'm all right around the head," and the beauty looked at her mass of tow hair, which, by some process, had been transformed from the drawer to her head!

Having finished the fixing part, she commenced to observe her carriage, remarking:

"Pshaw! this will all be thrown away on Mr. Jennings, but I hope to goodness he won't stick around me all night. He's a regular old-fashioned fool, but—"

"Why, Marion, you mustn't say that of a gentleman with whom you are engaged," and Jenny sighed, seeing which, Marion, with an irate toss of her head, said:

"Ah! so you haven't got over that old love affair yet. 'Pon my word, how righteous we're getting! Come along, mother. Jenny can follow when she gets over her love-fit," and she flounced out of the room, followed by her mother—for they were playing the first dance already, and Marion wouldn't miss a waltz for the world!

As for Jenny, she sighed on being left alone, and murmured the name of Will. As she did so, some one rushed toward her, and before she knew it, she was clasped in "that old fool's" arms, while his voice said:

"Dearest Jenny, I've learned a happy secret to-night, for my eyes have been opened in time. I was fool enough to come up here to meet Miss Merton, and escort her to the ball-room. I had hardly reached the landing when I heard her angry voice abusing you, and I stopped and listened; and well I did so. Knowing that you have been true to me (and I was foolish enough to believe otherwise from Miss Merton), I ask you the question which I should have asked you years ago: Dearest Jenny, will you be my wife?"

"Yes" came very lowly indeed, and they sat talking over the olden time, and the happy time to come, unmindful of the loud-voiced music beneath them, and of the angry beauty who had sought for Will in vain.

Then, as it grew late, he kissed Jenny good-night; while she, after he had gone, in a happy delirium, kissed again and again the golden ring which had come so near belonging to Marion.

Of course, the Mertons learned all in due time, but Jenny was never forgiven. Meanwhile, she was very happy, for the clouds had all flown; every thing was right at last.

A Daring Deed.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

ONE dark and drizzling night in 1776, three hunters sat before a small fire in a dense wood in the eastern part of New York. They were young men, with features hardened by exposure, and, judging from the wistful glances they threw at a piece of venison roasting on the coals, were hungry.

"Isn't that meat done?" asked the most

youthful looking of the trio, as his companion turned the tempting venison.

"If it was, you'd not see me turning it," was the reply. "Within the coming ten minutes you'll find yourself devouring a portion of it."

"It is good enough," cried the youth. "Take it off now, John, and let us go for it. I am nearly starved. I believe I could eat an Onondaga."

"Precious tough eating you'd have off such meat," said the third hunter. "I don't want any of it on my dish, John, do you remember the proposition you made near a year ago when we camped on the Genesee?"

"No."

"About the council-fire of the Six Nations?" said the youth, whose name was Julian Verplane.

"Yes."

"I recollect it now," said John Torrey.

"I believe you objected to it then."

"Yes, on good grounds, as both of you know. Now I am eager to attempt it."

"No more than I, Blake," said John.

"Nor I," said the youth.

"Why not make the attempt now? A better night for the deed could not be found; and besides, we are only four miles from the council-house."

"Yes, let us do it to-night," cried young Verplane. "If I get the black ball I will go cheerfully."

"Let us to work at once."

"The venison first."

An inspection disclosed the fact that the venison was done to a turn, and almost in silence the trio devoured it.

"Now the balls, Blake," said Torrey.

Blake Noble, the oldest of the trio, drew a small wooden box from his pocket, which contained three little wooden balls—two white, the third one black. When it was necessary that one of the hunters should perform a certain labor, the balls were called into requisition, and the labor fell upon the shoulders of him who drew forth the colored ball.

The object now in view was no less than an attempt to extinguish the great council-fire of the Six Nations, which, from time immemorial, had been in the keeping of the Onondagas, and by them was always kept burning. It was in the center of the council-house of the tribe, and night and day was tirelessly watched by a band of picked warriors.

The leader of this band was an aged Indian named Necomo, or the Sleepless. His place was nearest the sacred fire, and his people believed that he never slept.

To enter a populous Indian village, crawl into the council-house among a band of vigilant braves, and extinguish a council-fire, ever watched by sharp eyes, seemed the greatest of great impossibilities. Yet, the three hunters determined to attempt it. More, they swore, by all that they held sacred, that the council-fire of the great confederacy should be extinguished. If he who made the first attempt was discovered, his companions would follow and make others.

It was a daring conception, worthy its proposers and executors.

Into the wooden box John Torrey thrust his thumb and fore finger and drew out a white ball.

"Well, I don't have to crawl into the lion's den," he said, smiling. "Now, Julian, try your luck."

Smiling, the youngest hunter followed his companion's example, and drew forth a ball. He held it up. It was black!

"By George! you're elected, Jule," cried Blake.

"Yes," said the young hunter, a shade of paleness overspreading his face, for he thought not of the danger of the mission, but of his sister, who dwelt on the banks of the Hudson.

"If you do not want to go first, Julian, I'll go," said John, noticing his comrade's features, which were visibly pale.

"No," he answered, firmly. "I drew the black ball, and I am going. I will start at once."

He rose and picked up his rifle.

"Loan me your blanket, Blake; it is larger than mine."

"What do you want with it, Jule?"

"Never mind that."

The blanket was handed to the young hunter, and he grasped the hands of his companions.

"Good-by, boys. If I am not here when the sun rises, tell my sister that I am no more. And if I return with a snow-white scalp, you will know that the Sleepless Onondaga sleeps the long sleep, and that the great council-fire has been extinguished."

He wrung their hands, threw the blanket over his shoulders and disappeared.

"He's a noble fellow," remarked Blake Noble, "and I fear that he is going to his death."

"I never expect to see him again," said John. "Oh, had I but known that he would have drawn the black ball! I should never have made the proposition. He is so kind, so young. It will break his sister's heart."

"He shall not go!" cried Blake Noble. "I will call him back. Hello, Jule!"

No answer came, for already Julian Verplane was out of hearing, and with a sad heart Blake rejoined his companion.

Let us follow the young hunter.

Though young in years his woodcraft was not to be despised, and he made his way through the dense forest, as rapidly as though it were day. He lessened the distance between himself and the object of

his nocturnal journey, and did not halt until he reached a stream swollen by recent rains.

Upon the bank he paused a moment, when he sprang into the muddy element, and soon found himself, drenched to the skin, on the opposite shore.

"Perhaps I had best give my blanket another soaking," he murmured, preparing to carry his words into effect.

He stooped at the edge of the water, and held the blanket beneath the surface for some minutes. Withdrawing it, he wrung it lightly, and throwing it over his shoulder, resumed his journey, but with more caution than before. He was distant, one mile from the Onondaga village, and great caution was necessary, for some of their scouts might be returning to or departing from their lodges.

Without adventure worthy of record, young Verplane gained a knoll, the summit of which was covered with a spontaneous growth of brushwood. Cautiously ascending the knoll to obtain a view of the Onondaga village by the dim light of the stars, the hunter penetrated the coppice, in the center of which his hand suddenly came in contact with a naked arm.

Before he could withdraw it a dark form sprang up before him, and rising, too, he confronted the naked savage! The inevitable combat he knew would necessarily be a deadly one, and to make it a noiseless one he sprang upon the Indian before he recovered his equilibrium, lost by being suddenly awakened by a white man.

Clutching the throat of his enemy, the hunter threw him to the ground, and a moment later the red-man's soul stepped upon the trail of death.

Wiping his gory blade, our adventurer returned it to its sheath, and took a survey of the village. Silence, which seemed almost palpable, brooded over it, and our friend's eye caught the gleam of the great council-fire of the Six Nations. In silence he contemplated it for a moment, during which time his mind wandered to the sweet sister and his two companions—when he laid his rifle upon the dead Indian and crawled down the knoll.

Over the limits of the village and around the lodges, with ready knife in hand, he slowly made his way, until he crouched at the edge of the council-house. Gradually elevating his head, he ascertained the position of the picked band that guarded the sacred fire. All but one lay in different sleeping postures around the fire, and the awake savage was Necomo, the Sleepless Onondaga!

The fire was composed of six sticks, typical of the Six Nations, and threw a ruddy glare around and upon the dusky sleepers.

"Necomo looks drowsy," muttered Julian, very low, as he gazed upon the chief of the fire-watchers. "I think Somnus will fold him in his mantle within an hour. I will wait. I think it is not past midnight. Ha! he yawns!"

Composing himself in an easy posture, the hunter centered his eyes on Necomo. Minutes glided by, but the vigilant Onondaga did not close his eyes. The hunter would wait no longer.

"As old contrariness has taken possession of Necomo," he muttered, "I am going to steal a march on him. If I do not try to slip up behind him, then my name isn't Verplane. I begin to believe that the fellow never sleeps."

The young hunter left his position and disappeared among the lodges. An hour elapsed, when he found himself at the edge of the council-house, in the rear of the sleepless savage. Then began a series of movements, in which were combined the nature of the cat and the serpent. By inches the daring fellow approached the chief, until he paused with bated breath within an arm's length of him.

Unconscious that the sworn enemy of his race was so near, Necomo remained immovable, but wide awake before the fire his hands had fed since the days of his boyhood. The snows of the last few years had variously affected him, and his hearing was not so acute as it was once. But he had received his second sight.

The slight deafness of the sleepless Onondaga aided Julian Verplane, who, approaching a foot nearer, clapped one hand over the toothless mouth and drew him to him. Before the aged savage could divine a motive for such strange procedure, the keen blade of the hunter's knife sunk into his heart, and with a groan, that did not escape,

he sank into the arms of death.

Noiselessly tearing off the snow-white scalp, and thrusting it into his belt, the hunter proceeded to carry out the great object of his mission—the extinguishing of the council-fire. Looking around he found himself in a semicircle of warriors reposing in the arms of Morphæus. The hunter clutched his knife and darted vengeful looks upon the sleeping forms, for he thought of his parents who had fallen beneath their hatchets. His arms ached to drive the knife to the hearts of the sleepers; but, with a mighty effort he checked the impulse and turned to the fire.

Taking his blanket from his shoulder, the hunter partially unfolded it. Then he drew one of the six brands from the fire and thrust it between the wet folds of the blanket. It was extinguished. Another and another he served in like manner, until not a single spark of the council-fire of the great confederacy met his vision.

With a grim smile of satisfaction the brave Pennsylvanian rose to depart. Cautiously he began to step over the sleeping

warriors. Before he extinguished the council-fire he carefully noted their positions, and was able to proceed understandingly.

But, unluckily for the hunter, a warrior had—as the last brand was extinguished—changed his position, and the foot of our hero trod upon his chest!

The next moment a yell broke the stillness, and the awakened savage grasped the leg of the hunter. His situation was dangerous, for the other Indians were rising; but he did not despair. In the dim and therefore uncertain light, he struck at his would-be captor. The blade tore through the Indian's cheek, laying it open to the bone, and causing him, with a cry of pain, to relax his hold.

Away darted the hunter, with a yelling pace in his rear. They had caught the gleam of the blade as he struck. Darting among the lodges, he managed to recover his rifle, and then dashed away again.

The chase was exciting. Through thickets, patches of briars, and fens, reeking with miasma, the pursued led his pursuers; and so close were the Indians to him at times, that he turned at bay. As he gained the right bank of the stream mentioned in the course of my narrative, his pursuers were jumping into it from the left. Then he paused and discharged his rifle, and an Onondaga sunk beneath the troubled waters.

The savages, in their haste, had left their arms at the council-house, and were determined to take the daring white alive.

On, on, pursuers and pursued.

At last Julian's eyes descried a fire ahead. He was near his companions. They heard him coming.

"Here comes Jule!" cried Blake Noble, "pursued by a legion of red-skins."

The two hunters seized their arms, and rose to their feet. Suddenly their companion burst from the darkness.

"Fall, Jule, fall!" cried John.

The young hunter fell forward, as though a bullet had suddenly pierced his forehead. Two rifles sent their reports reverberating through the forest, and two Onondagas fell dead.

The remainder paused a moment, and then, with yells of dismay, fled toward their village.

"Jule, have you got it?" cried John.

"The scalp? yes," replied the young hunter, producing the scalp of Necomo.

"That's it, by Jupiter! Boys, this country is too hot for us. We must depart. The Six Nations will turn out to a man to hunt us down, and for us they will beat every bush in New York. Let us go to Virginia."

The hour saw the trio on their way to Virginia, which they reached after a series of exciting adventures. The vengeance of the Six Nations pursued them, and John and Blake fell beneath the bullets of the fire-watchers. But Julian Verplane, the hero of the daring deed, escaped their vengeance, and lived to a green old age on the banks of the Hudson.

Our Ballads.

[We propose to award a corner in our paper to original ballads, and will be happy to receive from our friends contributions of that class. Some of the most charming poems in the language are ballads. We hope our contributors having a talent for species of composition, will let us hear from them.]

sat round in a half-circle. The music consisted of a drum made of wood and goat-skins, while the dancing was indescribable. It was a mixture of wild energy and deliberate indecency.

As she was nowhere to be seen, I leaned moodily against a tree and scarcely noticing what was going on, still mused and thought, until a cessation of the dancing again aroused me. Then the men crowded around the camp-fires, while the women stood apart conversing in low, hushed whispers. Their voices were merry enough, sometimes even their laughter was musical and pleasant.

They were talking about her. This I could make out by their pointing toward a large tent, which, closed and apparently without any ordinary door, stood on the edge of the village.

Near it was a kind of pound, in which they had placed a mare and colt, that, as if in want of fresh food, were rubbing their noses against the palings and whimpering every now and then in a mournful manner. It was quite clear that these Indians did not understand the nature of the animals they had captured, and kept them far more for ornament than use.

How I gazed at them, with what burning longing, with what deep anxiety! what projects the sight of them roused within my mind! It was a good omen to my fancy that these savages had not brought with them any of their curlike dogs, so that it might be possible for me to carry out an idea of rescue which had now occurred to me. She was in that tent. The mare was strong, the colt above two years, I thought. At all events it would bear her.

Then, as soon as the savages were asleep, which, unfortunately, they were not likely to be for some time, I would boldly enter the village, visit the tent, lead her to where the horses stood; and then, armed as I was, escape was easy. My very heart once more thrilled with joy at the thought. But at this moment I was compelled to bury myself deeper in the bushes, as I saw two girls coming toward me loaded with gourds and calabashes.

My impulse of thankfulness was great, for I was perishing with thirst. They walked slowly, chattering and laughing, until they came within ten yards of me. One turned toward a little hollow, whence she soon returned with several gourds of water, but the other stood still under a palm tree. What could she be going to do? Had she obtained some inkling of my presence? It was possible, for their hearing is very keen. I was soon undeceived. With an instrument something in the shape of a gimlet, she bored a hole in the palm tree, after which a tube was inserted and the calabash fastened on. This she did in several places and went away, leaving the juice to run till morning.

I was, I knew now, about to be amply supplied with palm wine.

Knowing, however, that the process was slow, water was my first requisite, and descending to the pool, I drank freely. I came up and again took up my post of observation. The savages were still laughing, talking, and telling stories. The girls and women were, however, gradually moving off to their several huts and tents.

Then I rubbed my eyes, fancying that I was in a dream. The skins of the tent—that of a great chief—were raised, and the Indian girl came forth. Her step was cautious and slow for a few minutes, when she sunk down upon the soft sward. What was she doing? Something with her hands I could make out, but not what she was doing. This lasted some minutes, when she rose with a good bundle of fresh green grass. My heart leaped within me, from mingled joy and fear.

Then she moved slowly, casting stealthy glances every now and then toward the camp-fire, round which the savages were collected; until at last she reached the inclosure. The mare whinnied loudly, and at once the girl cast the grass forward. The two animals began at once to eat eagerly, as if they needed such refreshment. They she climbed over the palings, and stood in the inclosure herself. In her hand was a strip of something—it was yes—it was a halter.

Then she was about to escape without me. This was not utterly disheartening, but still the chances were against her alone, whereas, aided by me, she might have made chance a certainty. Still, I prepared to join her. It was a matter of certainty she would not be frightened if she saw me, so I prepared to head her off in the direction which she must necessarily take.

Then imagine my dismay and surprise, when removing two or three palings, she led forth the mare coaxingly; then, with a bound, leaping on its back, urged it at once to a trot. The savages were silent a moment.

Then, at a cry from one of their body, they darted over the palings, yelling, shrieking, and making such hideous noises as made me stand transfixed to the spot.

She, however, neither swerved nor hesitated. In her hand was a thong, with which and the heel of her little boot she urged the stout and active mare forward across the plain and toward the rocks. Still several of the fastest runners of the tribe dashed off in pursuit, though evidently, from the glances I could make out, reluctantly. They looked at her now with more awe than ever, having probably never seen the horse or its use before.

But I was annihilated. To show myself was impossible under the circumstances; so just as I lost sight of the pursuers and pursued, I sunk down on the ground in a state of mind not to be described. It was a sort of trance, for it was nearly daylight ere I roused myself, and took precautions for my own safety. Snatching away no less than three of the calabashes of the palm wine, I hurriedly retreated toward a thicket, looking around for a place of safety.

The only thing which presented itself to me was a half-dead tree, covered by masses of the India-rubber vine. Into this I ascended by the assistance of the creeping plants, and climbed up to where its branches were thickest. It was a very large tree I now noticed, with green boughs on one side, and rotting ones on the other. The vine, however, was thick and shady, so that there was little danger of my being seen.

Now, beginning to collect my scattered thoughts, after taking a large draught of the palm wine, various plans suggested themselves to me. Hope told me the flattering promise that she would go at once, and with the least delay possible, to my summer-house, in which case I knew that the poor, suffering, starved beasts would be attended to. There, in all probability, she would wait for my return, as she knew that I had followed her.

All my fatigues, all my dangers, all my sufferings, past and to come, at once seemed

to vanish at the mere thought of such a prospect. It was very unlikely that the savages would again venture into those parts of the island where I had made my power manifest, so that could I evade them here, all would be well.

I had my pistol, gun, telescope, and all my other traps safe, but I had no food of any kind whatever. This was certainly a terrible reflection, but, at all events, there was nourishment in the palm wine, which, however, it was necessary to partake sparingly, as, in my state of stomach, it would prove unusually heady.

The day was hot, and soon I began to feel its torrid influence. The immense palm trees all round kept off the breeze, and then, despite my efforts to repel it, the feeling of hunger predominated over every thing else. It is a horrid sensation. But almost close to my hand hung the bough of a certain palm on which grew some nuts. It was shaped like an egg with rounded ends. With the butt-end of my pistol I broke off the husk of one or two, and then ate the inside. It was bitter as gall, very disagreeable and hard; but it was a momentary relief, and had any more been within reach, I would have gladly eaten them.

My hope was to exist through that day as well as I could, then crawling through the wood, ascend the rocky hills and wait until morning, when it would be easy to follow the trail of the adventurous and noble Indian girl. Thinking, waiting, the weary hours seemed not to move, until again nature asserted her rights, and hunger came upon me. It began by a dimness of sight, followed by a faintness I could not control, so that I lay back against the trunk helpless and exhausted.

I have often since believed that I must have fainted, but could never tell how long I remained insensible to what was passing around me.

I could see the blue sky, and floating in it, as it were, the birds; I watched, with keen and eager eye, the gambols of a squirrel on a neighboring bough; I could see some of the lesser order of snakes crawling amid the leaves; a vulture almost dared to come near me, so certain was he of my approaching death, and only was induced to leave me by a stern and savage look. Many and varied were the sounds in the air; and none of them did I hope to hear again, for I felt that I was dying of starvation.

"Whether I believed in the old saw, that: "He who by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive," was not a question with me. I had no one either to hold or drive but myself; and all alone, in the midst of my new-made clearing, I entered upon the double duty. Of course we had left the stumps still standing, and a goodly number of the trees too; the last "girdled," so that spring brought forth no leaves upon them. They made a fine roost, however, for the turkey-buzzard, which birds,

lower part of my limbs, and I wasn't quite certain that I hadn't already lost the use of them for life. I was certain it was lost then; for I felt riveted to the spot, firm and fast as either of the stumps that inclosed them.

"You may suppose that my first thought would be to pull back the plow, and so relieve myself. It wasn't. I was more frightened about the moving forward of the oxen, for I knew their doing so would be to smash me. I therefore bent all my energies in bringing them to a standstill and keeping them so.

"After a time I flattered myself I had succeeded, despite the stinging of the flies. The brutes appeared to know they had done wrong, and gave heed to the rein, and ear to my coaxing.

"As soon as I believed them stayed, I turned to the plow, and made an effort to relieve myself of the pressure. All in vain. I could not reach the handles, nor any part that would give me sufficient purchase to stir it from the spit. Archimedes said he could move the earth if he only had a fulcrum on which to rest his lever. But he was helpless, having no fulcrum, though not more helpless than I between those two tree-stumps. Pull and jerk as I might, and did, the plow would not stir an inch—no, not a hairbreadth—for even that would have given me hope, and relief to the pain I was suffering.

"It was little or nothing at first, and I only thought of it as an awkward dilemma. It soon became torture excruciating. All the worse too from my mental anxiety: for I knew that I could not long restrain the oxen in their place, and whenever they should make up their minds to move out of it they would take my torn limbs along with them. The chances of rescue or relief, what were they? There were none. The bald buzzards on the naked branches above appeared to think so. Their hoarse croaking seemed to say so. As I live, I believe these birds knew the trouble I was in, and were congratulating one another at the prospect of reaping advantage from it.

"For a time I felt almost paralyzed, and did nothing. I knew not what to do. I was certain I could not release myself, even had I been endowed with the strength of a Titan. Who, then, was to release me? Five miles to the nearest settlement; his from whom I had hired the oxen. I had chartered them not by the day, but the week; and

HOW IT WAS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

It's all the saint's own blessed truth,
And so it is indeed,
As Jim and me is gentlemen,
As works upon the grade;

And last night, at our own const;

We dropped our spades and picks,

And started for the city,

And we got to town at six.

We stopped before a door that said,

"Here's drunks for man and baste,"

And being somewhat dry, we thought,

We'd stop and take a taste;

And after taking two or three,

I am not very shure,

In recollection of the thing,

If we didn't take some more.

And for the blessed life in me,
I couldn't tell ye how,
But by and by in that saloon
Somebody raised a row;

And some one on the part received

A lick that knocked him clean,

But I don't know if it was Jim,

Or me mother's own spaldeen.

Then came a gay policeman in,

And said, "My lads," says he,

"It's after 'restin' ye I am,

"So come along with me."

But faith, if memory serves me quite,

That lad in dacent clothes

Went out the front door at the rear,

Disabled in the nose,

The sidewalk was uneven,

As we wint to take a stroll,

And every time we stipt, we seemed

To stop into a hole;

And when we turned the corners

I was such jolly sport,

For us to stand and watch ourselves

Go turnin' rather short.

I said, "My lad, it's strange, it is,

I can not make it out,

It's weaker than a ghost I am,

And don't feel very stont;

Perhaps the fellow at the bar—

Bad luck unto his scalp—

Put something in the whelp,"

And I'd like to meet the whelp,"

And as we struck a lamp-post,

And brought up against the fence,

Says Jim, "It's mistook ye are,

At least to all events:

Don't you know it, Patsy dear,

If you wake up ye'll see,

We're walkin' in our sleep, as sure

As any thing can be."

And when we did wake up, at last,

We fel extrame good,

For it only was a drame, and we

Were lyin' in the mud;

It's all the saint's own blessed truth

And so it is indeed,

As Jim and me is gentlemen,

As works upon the grade.

Beat Time's Notes.

EGYPTIAN SEED CORN. This corn yields the astonishing amount of forty acres to the bushel, and each stalk has fifty-two cobs. They grow so high that they are used for masts, and so large that they use them at the saw-mills when they want a wide board. The only real difficulty is that it is inconvenient to get at the corn. The chemical essence of this corn is noted for its extreme royal richness. Children raised on the meal made of it become of age very early. Hogs get very fat upon it or lean that way.

RESOLUTION OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ABJECT HUSBANDS. Whereas, a fierce campaign is brewing on our domestic hearths, and promises to be long and severe for the summer styles, which also promise to be more expensive than the last; and whereas, the battle-cry has already begun to be: "Change or Slavery." Therefore, we MEN in council assembled—our wives luckily being out of town—resolve that we will maintain our independence to the last scratch, hold fast to our own purases while we can, and, though Rome fall, assert our divine right to the exclusive control of ourselves—providing our wives are willing and offer no resistance.

I know a fellow who is so lazy that he would sit down on the point of a needle if he had nowhere else to sit down on. If the wasps don't build nests in his ears it is not altogether his fault.

The fellow who got out of jail by climbing up the chimney had a narrow escape.

DICK.—There is a difference between an oasis and a sorosis. One is a pleasant place for *we-men* and the other ain't.

DENTAL.—Our teeth, put in on the patent breakfast plate, combine the principle of hatchet and hand-saw, and are warranted not to ache. They are designed expressly for the occupants of our cheap boarding-houses, and will supersede all natural teeth. They never need sharpening, and are easily ground. Terms, ten dollars a set and speedy settlement.

YOUNG WIFE.—The following are some of the grounds upon which divorce can be procured: A tendency toward onions; habitual soberness; snoring, for thereby your peace is broken; addiction to scissor-coats; early hours—that is for getting home; the refusal of money save when you want to go away on a visit; absence of presents; pleasure of absence; Limburger cheese; want of respect; want of funds; baldness; bunions; pimples; corns, and other symptoms of insanity.

The following advertisement has been handed in, being almost too late for the press:

NORTUS! The schoolmistris, both male and female, who were not engrossed the last ultimo are expectfully requested to appear before the board of edge-ocation and be so; or be included from teachin' henceforth and ever after by order of the board.

J. VANDUSENFALDER,

said bore.

LOVER.—In proposing to a young lady, if your pants are not too tight, throw yourself upon your knees, being at the same time sure that you strike no footstool, and fall backward. Take her hand. Swear by yon horned moon—being sure that there is a horned moon. Ask her to fly with you to some lone isle in the sea. If she says, in loving tones, "she can't see it," tear your hair—but don't hurt yourself. Talk incoherently about cold revolvers and warm "pizzen." Make the scene as highly dramatic as possible. It would heighten the effect amazingly for the old governor to walk in about this time, and you then might allow the old cuss to kick you severely out of the front door, because the girl will take pity on you, and relent. If you don't believe half of this, try it.

BEAT TIME.



CRUISER CRUSOE—WITH A BOUND SHE GAINED THE BACK OF THE MARE, AND URGED IT AT